TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review

of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME IV | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1927 | NUMBER 3

Leisure and Culture

MR ALDOUS HUXLEY, discussing in the current issue of *Harper's Magazine* "the outlook for American culture," makes somewhere the statement that "universal leisure and variety of impressions make possible a rich universal culture." Now, that leisure is a prerequisite of culture is a truth as old as the ancient civilizations whose glorious intellectual achievements were reared upon it. Indeed there have always been found some to say that the very seed of a pregnant culture is a social hegemony in which the enslavement of the many means the unfettering of the few. Only then does civilization reach its ripest capacity when the subservience of the masses to the wants of a group releases the energy of that group from the struggle for existence to the ferment of ideas.

Leisure, of course, implies luxury, and luxury implies the indulgence of a taste for the novel, the beautiful, or the esoteric. Social groups habituated to leisure by long enjoyment of it, and living on the artistic usufruct of earlier generations that have reaped its profits, inevitably by a process of familiarization and refinement develop bases of value and standards of judgment. But the process is a long one, and the sudden possession of leisure and the means to gratify the esthetic desires that are the common possession of the connoisseur and the tyro by no means insures a coincident development of taste and interest. Our American culture is so thin a veneer at present and so constant a target for the critics precisely because it has had so short a time for maturing.

* * *

For it must not be forgotten that America is the nation of the middle class, and that to an extent never before known in history prosperity prevails among the masses. Leisure in this country is the possession not of the few but in some degree of the majority, and that majority has been built up and is constantly being recruited from the unfavored classes, from the downtrodden, the ignorant, and the economically harassed. Circumstance has held their noses to the grindstone, and when ill circumstance has suddenly been translated into good fortune, it is small wonder that the richer life opened out should produce a welter of unbalanced impressions. The very "variety of impressions" which Mr. Huxley says, together with leisure, should make possible a rich culture operates temporarily against the acquisition of that culture. Where the senses are perpetually bombarded by a thousand manifestations of a complex civilization it is infinitely more difficult to discriminate amongst them than when the range of selection is limited to a few. Only the extraordinary individual is born with a perfect sense of fitness, with the ability unerringly to assess worth, and to distinguish between the meretricious and the true. For most of us critical ability is an acquired faculty, bred of study and example and the possession of an accredited data of knowledge. And in how many an instance even the trained critical sense can be befuddled by fustian we have only to recall the innumerable intellectual fads that have swept the country to understand.

Here in America is a vast population, in a constant state of social flux, the upper fringe of which has been for several generations possessed of wealth and culture, and if not of leisure simply not of leisure because its tradition has favored work. Back of it, and constantly impinging upon this fringe, are the millions who have recently acquired or are in process of acquiring economic ease, who have had the advantages of education and travel and therefore the equipment to measure the values of life. Back of them come those incomparably more millions who have known the yearning for sweetness and light but never having had the chance to make contact with the fruits of culture have equally had no chance to establish standards of judgment. Yet these millions are fluid, and are constantly advancing to a higher economic status. With more wealth comes more leisure, more opportunity to indulge the desire for beauty and enjoyment. Why then feel surprise that in the tumult of impressions that increased opportunity brings the false frequently appears as the true, and the artificial as the real? Culture seeps down slowly, but American society is of porous constitution and is constantly in process of absorbing. "Leisure and variety of impressions" may not yet have produced a widespread culture in the United States but there is reason to hope that in time they will.

Lines to a Ship-Model

(For sale in a Provincetown Antique Shop)
By HARRY KEMP

YOU'VE just returned from voyaging somewhere
Over a purple sea with shining prow;
You can't deceive my eyes by sitting now
Diminished to a model but hand-square:
Last night I voyaged too: I saw the air
Pushing your canvas, big; and I saw how
Your skysails glistened in the morning's brow—
For was I not your sailor, climbing there?

They think that I spent all night couched in bed,
You, in your window: that my ordered ways
Are as my pen moves; as they're sure that you
Are but a toy—but what great dawns are red
Over lone wastes, what ocean-whelmed days,
We know, and fool them from the secret too!

This Week

"New Backgrounds for a New Age." Reviewed by *Talbot F. Hamlin.*

"A History of the Ancient World." Reviewed by *C. W. Mendell.*

"Demoniality." Reviewed by *S. Foster Damon.*

"The Main Stream." Reviewed by *Arthur Colton.*

"In China." Reviewed by *Felix Morley.*

Qwertyuiop: A Shirtsleeves History.

"Witch Wood." Reviewed by *Samuel Merwin.*

Neihardt's "Works." Reviewed by *William Rose Benét.*

Next Week,

On Mrs. Trollope's "Domestic Manners of the Americans." By *Michael Sadleir.*

William Blake

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

WILLIAM BLAKE, poet, artist, and seer, died one hundred years ago, on August 12, 1827, in Fountain Court in the Strand. His last hours were entirely characteristic of the man. He was sixty-nine years of age, and for the past eighteen months had been ailing and frequently confined to his bed. But the very day of his death found him still working, trying to finish his Dante drawings. Suddenly—his friend Tatham tells us—he threw down the design he had been coloring and cried: "Kate, you have been a good wife; I will draw your portrait." They had been together, happy and inseparable, for forty-five years, and this domestic idyll—for it was nothing less than that—had begun with the strangest courtship. When Blake was twenty-three he was jilted by "a lively little girl called Polly" and was so distraught that he was sent, for a change of scene, to Kew, to stay at the house of a market-gardener named Boucher. His host had a pretty daughter, Catherine, who listened very sympathetically to Blake's story. He was immediately touched. "Do you pity me?" he asked. "Yes, indeed I do," she told him. "Then I love you," he cried; and they were married in the following year. He taught her to read and to write, then the rudiments of his craft of engraving and coloring, so that she helped in his work. If he felt suddenly inspired during the night to set down his visions, she would rise with him and hold his hand. She was, too, "a good housewife and a good cook." The annals of literature and art, which are filled with toiling and patient women, outnumbering all the fickle beauties, can show no better wife. Now, on this last afternoon, she sat near the bed and he spent an hour making a drawing of her. When this was done, he began to sing in joy and triumph. Just before the end, an eye-witness tells us, "his countenance became fair, his eyes brightened, and he burst into singing of the things he saw in heaven." Thus he died as he had lived, in an ecstasy of vision.

* * *

"Drive your horse and cart over the bones of the dead," he had once written. At the time of his death he was still poor and almost unknown, so that he came to be buried in a common grave and in a little while his very bones were scattered. Now he began to live in the minds of men, however, for his works were increasingly studied and his fame, the wonder of him, shot up like a magic tree. In his own day, and for many a year after, he was set down as a madman. Now we are not so sure. Wordsworth, after reading some of the poems, declared that there was something in their madness that interested him more than the sanity of Byron and Scott. Looking back at Blake's life, thinking over what he did and what he was, we can only echo Wordsworth's remark. If this is madness, then what are we to say of the world's sanity? Here is a man who claims no pity of ours. He possessed no advantages, was almost self-taught, always poor, and had to work early and late, forever harassed by circumstances; but neither neglect nor misunderstanding soured him; he lived happily in his rich and fiery imagination, in the two arts he practised and in his bold sallies of thought; he rarely complained and was grateful for the least service; he was honest, brave, and independent in the world's glance, simple and warm-hearted in his relations with those about him, and there was no man or woman long in his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

company who did not find him lovable. His character is there in that eager open face,* with its fine forehead and large eyes, its "expression of great sweetness." Such was William Blake, and if he is to be regarded as one of our lunatics, then it is a pity there are so many sane men in the world.

It is not surprising, however, that his contemporaries should have concluded that he was insane. The fault was partly his and partly theirs. Where he is at fault, we may discover his weakness, and where they were at fault, we may discover his strength. We will begin with his weakness, the result of special circumstances that were bound to make him appear eccentric to the pitch of madness as a person, and ended by ruining him as a poet. Now Blake was a bold and original thinker who entirely lacked formal education. No amount of such education will produce original thought in a man, but it will at least discipline his mind and will enable him to communicate his thought. Again, Blake was a mystic who stood outside a traditon. There were no symbols waiting for him, so that he was compelled to create his own. This fact did not disturb him, for he lived so intensely to himself that he was increasingly unable to make proper allowances for his hearers and readers. Add to this his central conviction, the keystone of his doctrine, that man best approaches reality through his imagination, that whatever is intensely imagined, clearly seen by the inward eye, is real and actual, and we have the clue to all his failings.

❧ ❧ ❧

We can put it another way by saying that the mystic in him defeated the poet and weakened the artist. The failure of his poetry, after the first and glorious lyrical stage is passed, is a failure in communication. By the time he has reached the Prophetic Books, he is like a man who has decided to speak in a language of his own, and makes matters even worse by using words already known to us while giving them special meanings. These later works introduce us to a private mythology, take us to some dark and distant planet where there is nothing but a groaning and howling and a few titanic shapes in the gloom. At last they cease to be literature altogether and become theosophical puzzles. No such failure attends his art, but there is weakness even here and it comes from the same source. His belief that natural objects weaken and deaden the imagination, that the sight of "outward creation" (his own term) is a hindrance and not a help, set free the seer in him only to bind the artist, for the artist must go to work with Nature, must look out to express his own vision, and turns aside at his peril. Thus, much as we admire Blake's art, we cannot be surprised to find that his drawing is commonly crude and violent and false, that his pictures, having once flashed their idea at us, frequently have nothing more to say and leave us cool and sceptical. So much for his weakness.

❧ ❧ ❧

Where his contemporaries were at fault, we have said, we can discover his strength. Had we grown up in the eighteenth century, he would have startled us (and it is easy to see now that he delighted in flashing out a startling paradox) into making the most sweeping judgments upon him. His boldness and originality enter here. He insisted upon reversing every decision of his time, standing the eighteenth century on its head. Thus he began by trusting the imagination completely. To him the hour of inspiration was the hour of Truth. He was the first, as he was in many respects the greatest, of our Romantics. In an age that asked for elaborate proof, he declared:

He's a blockhead who wants a proof of what he can't Perceive;
And he's a fool who tries to make such a Blockhead believe.

The immediate intuition was enough for him, and cautious reasoning was devils' work:

He who Doubts from what he sees
Will ne'er Believe, do what you Please,
If the Sun and Moon should Doubt
They'd immediately Go Out.

In an age that delighted in generalization and discovery of rules for everybody in both life and art, he cried: "To generalize is to be an idiot. To particularize is the great distinction of merit.' He even refused his consent to that general benevolence which is characteristic of his time, saying:

He who would do good to another must do it in Minute Particulars.
General good is the plea of the scoundrel, hypocrite, and flatterer.

*See next page for portrait of Blake.

In his "Jerusalem," he says: "I must Create a System, or be enslaved by another Man's;" and the system he created is based on the instincts and intuitions of the artist. What he did was to substitute an esthetic basis for the common moral foundation. Character and energy are all-important, and Good and Evil are largely illusory, their contrast a play of shadows. This conviction is behind his note on Aristotle:

Aristotle says, characters are either good or bad: now, goodness or badness has nothing to do with character. An apple-tree, a pear-tree, a horse, a lion, are characters; but a good apple-tree or a bad, is an apple-tree still. A horse is not more a lion for being a bad horse—that is its character. Its goodness or badness is another consideration.

He is fond of showing how, from a little change in the angle of vision, Hell becomes Heaven and devils are seen as angels. The only discipline his system implies is that of Art: the insistence upon the concrete as opposed to the abstract; the immediate approach to those "minute particulars" which he mentions so often; the duty of understanding and expressing persons as against judging and condemning them. All other discipline was evil. He would have nothing to do with natural laws, moral codes, rational systems, and all the dead weight of institutions. There was no other gospel, he said, "than the liberty both of body and mind to exercise the Divine Arts of Imagination." That way alone brought man to the supreme reality. "The world of imagination is the world of eternity."

The strength of this view of things may be found in his art. This consists for the most part of drawings, usually engraved and sometimes tinted afterwards in watercolor, made either for his own poems, which were published in this way, being themselves engraved, or as sets of illustrations for such works as Young's "Night Thoughts," Blair's "The Grave," the Book of Job, and Dante. He also made a great many individual drawings and paintings (in what he considered to be the manner of the early fresco painters), such as his famous "Ghost of a Flea." In all these things there is a strange imaginative splendor and force. We see in them the fine fruits of what he called the "great and golden rule of art," which was that "the more distinct and sharp and wiry the bounding line, the more perfect the work of art;" though his coloring is delicate, curiously prismatic. Few artists have ever excelled him in embodying sublime ideas in precise and memorable images. In his finest work he can touch both grandeur and an exquisite tenderness.

❧ ❧ ❧

It is, however, with his poetry that we are chiefly concerned here. His great theme as a poet may be discovered, as Raleigh once pointed out, in an essay on Blake that everybody should read, in the title he gave to the best of his books: "Songs of Innocence and of Experience, showing the Two Contrary States of the Human Soul." His problem was (in Raleigh's words): "To reconcile the surprising and grave lessons of experience with those joyous revelations which come to eyes newly opened upon the world." His earlier and more famous poems simply express those joyous revelations. He began by going straight back to the Elizabethans, as the songs in his earliest volume, "Poetical Sketches," amply demonstrate. It is astonishing how little the young poet—and all the poems in this volume were written in his 'teens—is troubled by the influence of his own time. Most of us, if we were asked to find such songs as "My silks and fine array," "When silver snow decks Sylvia's clothes," "How sweet I roamed from field to field," would turn to the First Book in Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," forgetting that they were written by a young eighteenth century engraver. More astonishing than these, however, is the "Mad Song"—

The wild winds weep,
And the night is a-cold;
Come hither, Sleep,
And my griefs enfold. . . .

in which Blake's lyrical genius first shoots up like a rocket. If it were not for this one song, we could say that it was only in the next volume, the "Songs of Innocence," that he finds his own manner. Here indeed is the poetry of "eyes newly opened upon the world;" these songs are like happy innocence itself piping in the field, like the very daisies in the grass. They describe an earth that has not yet discovered the Tree of Knowledge. They are filled with green fields and blossoms, the lambs' innocent call, the tiny unquestioning sorrows and the happy sports of childhood. We see, as in "Holy Thursday," the "thousands of little boys and girls raising their innocent hands." Night itself is only the signal for another happy pageant to begin:

Fare well, green fields and happy grove,
Where flocks have ta'en delight.
Where lambs have nibbled, silent move
The feet of angels bright;
Unseen, they pour blessings,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.

These are the innocent cries of children turned into poetry, little flutings from the Golden Age, and there is nothing quite like them in all literature. In this handful of tiny lyrics Blake did something once and for all.

When we arrive at the Songs of Experience, we have passed out of that Golden Age and into another and sadder world. This is what Blake sees so clearly, and his one desire is to reconcile innocence and experience and restore that Golden Age, to build Jerusalem—as he says—in England's green and pleasant Land. We cannot follow his thought as it twists through these and the later poems until at last it loses itself in the dark wilderness of the Prophetic Books. It is sufficient to say that it is a growing elaboration of the doctrine we have already noticed, with its faith in the imagination, its distrust of the rational faculty, its insistence upon mutual forgiveness; though it is worth pointing out that there is irony in the history of Blake's thought, for the seer in him created a system in which life is viewed from the standpoint of the artist, just to satisfy the artist in him, but gradually took control and finally hindered instead of helped the artist. It is difficult, perhaps impossible in the long run, for the mystic and the artist to own the same allegiance, and one must give way at last to the other. We need not be surprised to find that the poetry that embodies this doctrine is perhaps the most strangely unequal in our language. It is frequently filled with lazy rhymes, absurd imagery, and obscurities, until at last it is neither musical nor comprehensible. But at its best its splendor of imagination takes our breath away. It is the lyric touched with sublimity:

Bring me my Bow of burning gold!
Bring me my Arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my Chariot of fire!

In another key, there is this—

Ah, Sunflower, weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the sun.

And again, the sheer black magic of

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night.

He can make his thought flash out poetry, as in such a thing as this:

Abstinence sows sand all over
The ruddy limbs and flaming hair.

Some of the couplets in his famous "Auguries of Innocence" are as droll as an old woodcut, but others have the beauty of some lost age of innocence:

The wild deer wand'ring here and there
Keep the human soul from care.

But there is all of him, his mysticism and homely speech, his profundity and quaint simplicities, in this poem, which could only have been written by one who was at once a seer, an artist, and still something of a child:

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour.

There is no space for more. We have said nothing of those proverbs of his, in which profound truth and hearty prejudice are so richly mingled. But one of them returns to the mind: "He whose face gives no light shall never become a star." More than one observer has told us how he saw the face of William Blake brighten before him. Now, when a hundred years have gone by, he has become a star.

Sir Harry Johnston, explorer, author, painter, and pioneer in the colonization of Africa, died recently at the age of sixty-nine. His main field of interest lay in his explorations and in the administration of sections of British Equatorial Africa, but during his last years literature absorbed his energies. Among his most successful books was "The Gay Dombeys," a novel which under the guise of being a sequel to Dickens's tale, introduced actual figures of contemporary England into its story.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Guide-Post to Beauty

NEW BACKGROUNDS FOR A NEW AGE. By Edwin Avery Park. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by Talbot F. Hamlin

HERE in modern America our cities are heaved high in jagged peaks; some strange energy seems constantly to force the piled buildings into the air. Steel and concrete and brick mount up into a fantastic and unreal romanticism. And their foundations are driven deep by clattering drills or throbbing, straining steam shovels, as though modernity sought as much the depths under the earth as the air above. Steel are the drills; the steam shovel is steel; steel the girders and the columns that lace the sky as the building rises, and the plumes of steam or the acrid exhausts of gasoline engines are everywhere.

Something has happened to us. Change—of environment, of tempo, of our ways of living—is forced on us, with apparently ever increasing speed, by a relentless industrialism of steam and machines. We are breathless in our continued effort at adjustment, all our ideals seem sliding and shifting under the impact of novelty, like a breaking sea fog in a southerly breeze. What is beauty in such a changing world? Where in the strange new forms shall a man look to feed his eyes and his soul?

Some of us turn back, bewildered, and from the city of ten thousand elevators retire in our newest motor to the white colonial house (its austerity buttressed on one side by a Tudor cottage and on the other by an Italian villa) to spend the evening before a gracious colonial fireplace, in gracious anachronistic Queen Anne chairs. Others swing as blindly away from all that has been; to them anything is bad, impossible, absurd, that was made, painted, written, or composed ten or more years ago. In their ludicrous arrogance they love ugliness only because the past loved beauty, and worship the devil because the past worshipped God. Both these flights from reality are twin absurdities grown of a single bewilderment.

* * *

"New Backgrounds for a New Age" is the first important book by an American for Americans to attempt the guidance of us all through the adventure of esthetic experience in such a time. And the reading of it is in itself an adventure, for Mr. Park has seen, with a vision acute sometimes to bitterness, that no art can be appreciated without the deepest understanding of the *milieu* that produced it, and his examination of the present state and future opportunities of American interior decoration (what a banal subject, were a banal mind to treat it!) becomes the most exciting and most unconventional examination of modern life as a whole I have had the fortune to read.

This is inevitable and exhilarating. For to see modern life through the sensitive eyes of Mr. Park is to get a sense of throbbing reality. He does not attempt to regularize, to standardize. Sensitive to the old beauty he does not, like the Frenchman, Le Corbusier, (whose thinking in a way parallels his own), become merely intoxicated with novelty; his background is too scholarly for that. He, like so many of us, feels that heart-clutching nostalgia for the old gracious artistic aristocracy of *le temps jadis*, when artists worked for patrons themselves artists. He, too, feels the terrible danger of mediocrity that comes pressing upon the artist like a black cloud when he serves a democratic *clientèle*. He knows the danger of the ideal of quantity production; he is bitterly aware of all the crudities and noisiness of modern America.

All this is common enough. But Mr. Park has the sense to see that flight from the reality is no cure; whether it is the flight to the terrasse of the *Dôme*, or the flight to period rooms. The sensitive American today confronted with the helter-skelter litter of modern industrialism Mr. Park finds like "a tired person confronting an enormous pile of soiled dishes to be washed, sorted, stacked, and put away. We are weary with the excess of creating the situation . . . and slow to begin the everlasting toil of clearing up. Yet, when the task is done, . . . what a beautiful job it is." But he also realizes "progress—has little place for sentiment. Inexorably the outlived must give way before the stern demand for growth, which cannot be stopped." And he paints an ironic picture of the antique shops lining a street with competing wares of Colonial or baroque types—the eternal conventionalism of our flight from reality. Advertising, too, "sugar-coated with alluring illustrations, . . . must . . . exert an influence profound enough to be discernible in our other arts. Through shrewdly taking advantage of the weakness of humanity, by appeals to the sentiments in order to sell, advertising fosters the cult of the unreal, and deadens any effort to be honest." It is not a pretty picture; Mr. Park's bitterness is easily justified.

The solution can only come with a frank acceptance of modern life and modern machines. With this acceptance will arrive instant recognition of new beauty born of modernity. The beauty incarnate already in aeroplane, automobile, or dynamo, the beauty of *here* and *now* will dominate our architecture, our furniture, our decoration. We are starved for that beauty. "We crave to be based on here and now," says Mr. Park; no periodism can allay that craving, nor give us that spiritual relaxation that beauty should furnish.

It is thus as a guide book to this new beauty that "New Backgrounds for a New Age" is most revolutionary and most satisfactory. The beauty of a machine age is a beauty impersonal, stark, efficient, non-sentimental—above all non-sentimental. "As a symbol of our age," says Mr. Park, in the chapter "The Tempo of Modern Art," "I conceive a man standing solitary with outstretched arms and face upraised beneath the noon sky. There are no long

WILLIAM BLAKE
From a portrait on ivory by John Linnell

shadows. Everywhere objects stand revealed pitilessly in the brilliant bath of light. There are few secrets . . . little save the eternal mystery of life, which is the upturned face." There is no fuzziness of outline possible in any such conception of beauty; it is in a stark simplicity almost harsh that Mr. Park sees the divinity. His is a factual beauty, not a veil, gay, sometimes, but never luxurious, powerful, but never haunting, with little mystic connotation.

And there lies the difficulty, which the author is brave enough to realize and accept. "Indeed this is not an age of faith. Yet man is incapable of life without faith." And he seeks in the chapter on education to show the child who is to become an artist that he is becoming "the priest of beauty." Nevertheless the beauty to be worshipped seems a hard and sometimes cruel beauty; that sense is over the book, like a doom. It is the explanation of the pervading nostalgia, rising at times to bitterness, for a past sweet, romantic, mystical, attractive as a forsworn vice. It is the ideal of a Puritan, this beauty, that seems almost like Wordsworth's "Stern daughter of the voice of God——"

Is this the road we must all follow? Is beauty, then, only the function of an age, a sort of rationalization of the environment that fate forces on one so as to make it acceptable? Is beauty itself merely a comfortable illusion that present things which work are sweet? Supposing today one should find suddenly for the first time "Prometheus Unbound," written yesterday by some unknown poet? Or suppose that one should all unknowing suddenly swing face to face with the gorgeous sweeping lines of the "Winged Victory," carved the day before by an unknown sculptor? Should one then restrain the quickly drawn breath because in them there is neither the starkness nor sharpness nor simple efficiency of a dynamo, or the abstraction of Brancusi?

Each of us creates his own beauty; none can deny us that inestimable privilege. To one, the Puritan revolutionist, the angles and abstractions of machinery, to another the cloudy magic of Machen, to another the suave sensuousness of Pierre Louy's foreword to Aphrodite. Let each create as he may, let each appreciate as he can—but, radical or conservative, we all can be grateful for "New Backgrounds for a New Age," the best introduction to Modernist art yet written in English.

An Ideal History

A HISTORY OF THE ANCIENT WORLD. By Michael Rostovtzeff. New York: Oxford University Press. 1927. 2 vols. $5 each.

Reviewed by C. W. Mendell
Yale University

THE appearance of the second volume of Rostovtzeff's "Ancient History" makes possible now a real appreciation of the scope and quality of this work. The modest preface of the first volume is even more amazing and more admirable in its restraint with the whole "Outline" before the reader.

Here at last is a readable history of the ancient world within reasonable limits of size done by a master of the subject with a touch that inspires confidence. The omission of all footnotes and references has simply the effect of making the volume more attractive to read without ever arousing the painful suspicion that the absence of references indicates any lack of familiarity with the sources. The book has a note of authority throughout. We have had a reasonably good library history of Greece although not so good a one as Rostovtzeff's first volume which in addition gives the Oriental background. We have never had a history of Rome which approaches his second volume in value both to the general reader and to the student of history.

Outstanding in these volumes is the superb use of illustration. None of the old hackneyed pictures that have been familiar for generations turn up here. The plates are extraordinarily numerous and clear and they are all from the very best and latest finds. Archæology has never served history so well. Opposite each plate is a brief description which insures its effectiveness and proves what is stated in the preface, that the author's object in presenting his illustrations "has not been merely to amuse and entertain my readers."

It is very satisfying in a history of this sort to find the author ready to admit the real problems which are not and cannot be finally settled. This has perhaps its best illustration in the treatment of Augustus. Rostovtzeff makes it absolutely clear that no formula can be devised to cover succinctly the form of government developed by the first emperor. The results of Augustus's work can be and are described clearly and vividly but there is nothing to be gained by trying to define them with a formula. Also he admits frankly that we do not know and never shall know whether Augustus considered himself or wished to be considered a god.

It is a temptation to enumerate at great length the virtues of a history of this sort but such is hardly the function of a review. It is worth while to indicate the method which holds the attention of the reader throughout. The volume on Rome begins with a bold statement of the problem of unity. "Why did Rome, just such a city-state as Athens or Sparta, succeed in solving the puzzle which had baffled both Athens and Sparta?" This puzzle was the creation of a single power with a single army and a rich treasury controlling a world empire. The working out of this problem through the formation and the disintegration of the Roman empire is the real essence of the book. The last chapter suggests the causes for the disintegration of Rome again without any attempt at a formula.

Throughout the text, dates are infrequent but the chronology is never in doubt. In this way, as in every other, the greatest convenience of the reader is always assured. A chronological table, a carefully selected bibliography of the more modern reference books, and an index at the end of each volume serve the same purpose.

A word should be said about the handling of one of the most difficult problems in such a history as this. Rostovtzeff calls his work an outline but it is very much more. It is a real history and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

great difficulty that faced him was the distribution of space between different periods and different phases of the subject. To a specialist in the history of the first century A.D. it would undoubtedly be a surprise to find one short chapter only devoted to the Julian and Claudian dynasties. But even a specialist will have to admit that Rostovtzeff is right. He points out the fact that the successors of Augustus felt that they were rulers simply as the inheritors of the popularity, authority, and divinity of Augustus. In the long history of Rome their importance does not bulk large although the temptation for the historian to dwell on the dramatic story of that period is great. Here as elsewhere the sanity and restraint of these volumes is conspicuous. The handling of questions of commerce, agriculture, and manufacture, in fact of the whole social and economic side is thorough and sure without burdening the narrative. In fact it is hard to overstate the ability with which the account of events themselves is blended with the exposition of their causes. The treatment of the religious life is conspicuously successful in this respect.

It must be confessed that what has gone before reads like a eulogy of this "History of the Ancient World" but when a masterpiece of historical literature is also a book approximating mechanical perfection, and when one can discover not more than two or three slight errors in the text, it is hard to do anything but yield it the most unreserved praise and to recommend it confidently to each and every reader.

Civilization à Rebours

DEMONIALITY. By Ludovico Maria Sinistrari, Friar Minor. Translated into English from the Latin (with Introduction and Notes) by the Rev. Montague Summers. London: *The Fortune Press.* 1927.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF WITCHCRAFT. By Montague Summers. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927.

Reviewed by S. Foster Damon

TODAY witchcraft is generally believed to have been a barbarous rationalization of the unknown, which occasional cases of hysteria could rouse into epidemics of mob-delusion. As long as these attacks were accounted for on a theory of supernatural malignity, the epidemics could not be stopped or even controlled,—sure proof of a false theory; but once that theory was dropped, witchcraft vanished as suddenly and completely as an evil dream. "Witches" exist today; but they are promptly removed by psychopathic hospitals, where only the doctors heed their ravings.

Such, however, is not the thesis of the Rev. Montague Summers, in his "Geography of Witchcraft," a complementary volume to his recent "History of Witchcraft," in the series "The History of Civilization," edited by C. K. Ogden. The Rev. Mr. Summers insists that the Church Fathers and the witch-baiters were right, and the doctors wrong. He adopts the position of the modern Spiritists: that where there was so much smoke, there *must* have been some fire—that surely in all that mass of acknowledged fraud and delusion, there must have been *something* true; and on this slender supposition he bases his faith. He defends this faith with a vigorous if undiscriminating display of invective, which serves the turn of argument; and his accounts of men hitherto universally commended for their brave opposition to the hideous delusion of the multitudes, are indeed original. Reginald Scot, who published a famous book to prove that evil spirits worked chiefly by deluding their victims, "was utterly without imagination, a very dull, narrow, and ineffective little soul." John Webster, who published a yet more famous and powerful book to prove that levitation and physical compacts with the Devil were nonsense, is thus briefly dismissed: "in any case, the man was a crass rationalist, a muddy materialist, whose conclusions are hardly worth consideration." Robert Calef, the first American to publish a book against witchcraft, fares equally badly:

> He was a man of sceptical and unbelieving mind, whose incredulity went to the same extremes as the fanaticism of the Salem ministers and magistrates. He may perhaps be described as an American Reginald Scot, ready to accept the most far-fetched explanations of events not easily to be accounted for in an ordinary way. It is obvious that when he interviewed Tituba the cunning hag told him just what he wanted to hear. Tituba, one of those responsible for starting the Salem scare, had told him that her master beat her to make her confess!

Indeed, the whole chapter on New England almost passes belief for its double virulence, theological and geographical. The Puritans are described as "well primed in every malevolent superstition that could commend itself to their verjuiced and tortured minds," but the Rev. Mr. Summers makes not the slightest acknowledgment that these "muddied, morbid minds and tortured souls" found a mere twenty-eight victims in an entire century (as contrasted with the hundreds in England and the thousands on the Continent); that the great Salem Scare collapsed in but a year; that Massachusetts was the first place in the world to stop executions, and even trials, for witchcraft; that the abolition of "spectral evidence," followed by the public penitence of Judge Sewell, gave the European reformers something to work on. No, no: we learn instead that the Puritans "blundered woefully and abundantly." One might think that the very paucity of material would make the chapter rather slender; but the Rev. Mr. Summers transcribes various trials at great length, quite without digestion, and then pads out his accounts with other cases from all over the world.

* * *

To the charge of prejudice we must add that of *ignorance of his subject.* He speaks of "the few historians of Salem Witchcraft," mentioning the two Uphams, Longfellow, Lowell, and Calef; to these we may add Hutchinson and the two Mathers, from whom he quotes elsewhere; but we cannot say how he came to miss Allen, Archer, Beard, Burr, Cheever, Davis, Drake, Endicott, Fiske, Fowler, Freeman, Gill, Goodell, Gummere, Hale, Kimball, Kittredge, Lawson, Marshall, Maule, Moore, Mudge, Nevins, Newhall, Noble, Perley, Poole, Putnam, Spofford, Stone, Taylor, Thacher, Ward, Wendell, Wentworth, Willard, and Woodward.

His conclusion is quite his own: he insists "that a coven of witches did indeed exist in Salem is proved beyond all question, and it is, I think, equally certain that George Burroughs was the grand-master, Bridget Bishop and Martha Carrier, high officials. . . . The existence of this coven at Salem has not, I believe, been before recognized." No, it has not, since 1693. The poor Puritans were right for once!

But if we wish to learn what the Rev. Mr. Summers approves of, we must consult his translation of Ludovico Maria Sinistrari's "Demoniality." Sinistrari d'Ameno was "a famous Franciscan theologian," according to the Foreword, although his name does not even occur once throughout the Catholic Encyclopedia or the Encyclopedia Britannica, unless their indices are defective. He is also referred to as a keen psychologist in the hearty Introduction, though his book would seem to prove the exact contrary. This book (there is an earlier English translation published at Paris) is classed by booksellers with the "facetiæ" and by librarians as "folk-lore." It deals with the demons who trouble sleep with indecent dreams; and the good friar spares no details in his discussion of their physiology. Of course, some dreams are merely diabolic delusions; "but this is not always the case," for among the resultant children were "that damnable Heresiarch yclept Martin Luther," Plato, and Merlin. All authorities, says Sinistrari, agree that to beget his children the Demon resuscitates a corpse; but here Sinistrari ventures to disagree—the body is surely the Demon's own. The classification of the crime of having so dreamed is discussed at length; the detail is rich and absolutely unquotable here. Witchcraft and sorcery are also dealt with. The "frank confession" of the Sorcerer is essential, but torture may be used under various circumstances.

* * *

"Perhaps," comments the translator, "there are some superficial errors, but nothing of moment"; and he expresses himself as "willing to accept, with certain minor reservations" the thesis of the book, at least "until it has been theologically disproved."

To insist that the negative prove its case is the flouting of one of the fundamental laws of argumentation ("he who affirms must prove") and is the great stronghold of the Spiritists. To reduce these principalities, powers, and spiritual wickednesses in the high places to merely another set of beings also inhabiting this world, seems to be an act of the dullest materialism. The Rev. Mr. Summers's position—that he believes because it is *not* impossible—suffers by comparison with Tertullian's magnificent *"credo quia impossible."* One can add nothing except that we can see no good come of the reissue of this indecent book, except the vast laughter of the pure-minded among heretic and faithful together.

In the Great Tradition

THE MAIN STREAM. By Stuart Sherman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by Arthur Colton

MR. SHERMAN'S death at the age of forty-six was a loss to American literature in more than one respect. He was brilliant, original, aggressive, but with the background of a scholar, which keeps, or should keep, a man forever unsatisfied with being only brilliant, original, and up-to-date. At first, if not as conservative as Messrs. Brownell, Babbitt, and More, he was very critical of, and on the whole in vigorous opposition to, much of our new schools and tendencies. He clashed sharply with the iconoclasts. Later there was discernible and growing in his successive volumes, first an interest in, then a discriminating sympathy with, more and more of those tendencies. He was becoming, with other men such as Mr. Van Doren and Mr. Canby, an intermediary between the old and the new, an independent intelligence picking its preferences. There was nowhere in America in the nineteenth century any continuous current of good literary criticism comparable to the movement of it in the several European capitals, but during the last ten years in New York there has been something of the kind, and Mr. Sherman was one of its leaders. His weekly article in the *Herald Tribune's Books* was a weekly event.

The essays in the present volume were all among those weekly articles, nominally reviews. They are lifted by their quality to the dignity of critiques; and yet the comparison of them with his earlier work, written under other conditions, reinforces the doubt one feels about the effect on a man's intellectual life and upon his output of such a clamorously insistent task. These essays are, on the whole, thinner than the others; the taint of mortality is on them. How shall one meet the recurring demand and yet never be forced, hurried, and hence perfunctory? Sainte-Beuve did it. His immortality rests on his Monday "Causeries," not on his poetry, or his great "History of Port Royal." He lived for years in monastic devotion to his weekly article. He entered his cell Tuesdays and emerged Monday mornings. His manner and method ought to be studied by every critic with a similar task. He never lost his poise, his style, his "form." In order to work fast and keep going, without losing quality, one must have a good manner and method, and then achieve security in the use of it. He had his prejudices, or convictions, or something in the nature of principles. Mr. Sherman had his. Criticism is public discussion of things of the mind, and we want it done by men whose mentality is worth our contact. New York has not yet any such background of intellect and culture as Paris had seventy-five years ago. French literature has had, more than others, an adequate criticism to go with its creative output. The death of Mr. Sherman means something gone, of which we have more than we once had, but not enough to make us unaware of the loss.

George Macaulay Trevelyan was recently appointed Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. This Chair was founded by George I, and among those occupying it have been the poet, Thomas Gray, and Charles Kingsley of "Westward Ho" fame. Of historians to hold the Chair, the more recent were Lord Acton and Prosessor Bury.

Robert de Flers, member of the French Academy and one of the most distinguished literary men of France, died recently at the age of fifty-five. He began his career as a journalist, and later became a playwright.

The Saturday Review
of Literature

Henry Seidel Canby ..... *Editor*
William Rose Benét ..... *Associate Editor*
Amy Loveman ..... *Associate Editor*
Christopher Morley ..... *Contributing Editor*
Noble A. Cathcart ..... *Publisher*

Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President, Roy E. Larsen, Vice-President, Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates, per year; postpaid: in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. IV. No. 3.

Copyright, 1927, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

China Through Gallic Eyes

IN CHINA. By ABEL BONNARD. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by FELIX MORLEY

IT is interesting evidence of an over-developed "news sense" among publishers that this notable book, printed in France several years ago under the title "En Chine," should have escaped translation until this year. Undoubtedly we have the recent prominence of China in first-page headlines to thank for this English edition. But M. Bonnard's work must not on that account be regarded as part of the literary flotsam which is cast on the reader's attention by the political gale of the moment. That an interpretive book on China written six years ago should be sufficiently timely for current American reproduction is in itself indication of a permanent value. For those six years have been a cycle of Cathay too strenuous for the thin reasoning of many a hasty commentator.

By clarity of thought and beauty of diction, both of which Veronica Lucas has saved in her Anglicization, we are here reminded of Lafcadio Hearn's subtle studies of Japan, destined long to outlast the period of their composition. M. Bonnard has, indeed, little of the somewhat wearying anxiety of Hearn to idealize the people of whom he writes. Adulation overpowers his critical faculty only when he discusses his own country, whose genius he sees as "almost beyond the understanding of the average among mankind on account of its subtlety." These Gallic enthusiasms, however, are secondary to the interesting thesis that the French are better equipped than other occidentals to understand the Chinese mind and, therefore, capable of an influence in that country more enduring than that of other powers, including the United States.

* * *

"In China" is a "travel book" to the extent that it takes the reader by pleasant stages along the extended itinerary which M. Bonnard followed in leisurely fashion in 1920-1921. But not for a moment is it to be confused with the meticulously detailed diaries of observers like Harry Franck. This Frenchman is philosopher rather than reporter. An obscure village will stimulate him to lengthy digressions on the Chinese character, while the huge treaty-port of Shanghai, regarded by many Anglo-Saxons as the most vital centre in all China, is dismissed in half-a-dozen lines of ill-concealed contempt. "Shanghai," says M. Bonnard, "is of the earth, earthy, a city of bustling trade and modern luxury, and what with its steamboats and its quays and its mammoth hotels, it seems more like the reflection of America than the extremity of China." So much for Shanghai. The foreigners, civilian and military, there concentrated may stimulate Chinese dislike. But one must go "up-country" to find the alien who is doing positive work for the prestige of his native land.

No, it is not from foreign concessions, banks, race-tracks, and treaty-port clubs that M. Bonnard has drawn his picture of this nation which was ancient when the Roman Empire fell. His search is for those characteristics which reveal the enduring national spirit, unmarred by foreign contacts and irritations. Through the wide fields of art, philosophy, poetry, and manners we follow this quest, the way of knowledge so delicately traced by our cultured guide that we scarcely realize how arduously he must have labored to mark the trail.

* * *

Politically, there is much the significance of which M. Bonnard missed. In 1927 we can see what was inevitably obscure to the traveller of 1921. We can discover promise where he found only decadence. But the political scene is not this author's major interest. Had it been so, a book which is now timely would instead have been hopelessly out-of-date. What this clear-visioned Frenchman has done, and for which all who seek a real understanding of forces at work in China should be grateful, is to give us without prejudice the mental background from which the present self-assertive China springs. And this is done with phrase so happy, from knowledge so well-rounded, as to make the reading not merely informative, but highly pleasurable.

Qwertyuiop

A Shirtsleeves History

VI. (*Concluded*)

I PAUSE before the final, fatal plunge! Gentles, I had got as far as the publication of "Ulysses," and now the past five years loom before me. Yet people are still talking about "Ulysses," even though it has become impossible for them to follow without a certain reeling of the brain the continuation of "A Work in Progress," which has been going on ever since and coming over to us from Paris, bound up with Gertrude Stein, Vsevolod Ivanov, Emilio Cecchi, Juan Gris, and all that other strange exfoliation of the transplanted tree of knowledge.

"Ulysses," put forth quite properly by Shakespeare and Company, is still spreading its influence among our younger writers. It appeared as a volume at least two inches thick and at least a half a million words long. Gertrude Stein's most recent tome, that I have seen, approaches this in bulk. But so far and no farther. If ever the term *magnum opus* was deserved by a book it was deserved by Joyce's "Ulysses," in every sense. It is likely to remain the literary event of our time. And the crumbs that fell from his table have furnished forth whole hampers. As for me, I have only "read parts of it," as the young lady said when questioned as to her acquaintance with Keats's "On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer." I was an earlier enthusiast concerning "A Portrait of the Artist." That's a book you can read in an evening.

Then along too came one Nikita Baliev from the Bat Theatre of Moscow, and taught us something new about revues. And Joseph Urban, the Viennese architect, completely reinstructed us concerning color on the stage. Dempsey was preparing to meet Harry Wills, but we had also become accustomed to the red slippers, umbrella, shovel hat, and Books and Characters of Lytton Strachey. At which point I must digress with reference to an admirer who has just written me, in what might possibly be characterized as "dudgeon," announcing that he will "kiss a pig" if Strachey is responsible, as I said, for an "entirely new kind of biography and a new school." He bids me look up Gamaliel Bradford. He goes on to say:

> I submit that Strachey derives as truly from Bradford as Lindbergh derives from Wilbur Wright. Spicier he may be. He is. Or maybe he is only more malicious. But certainly he is no mutation. I am afraid that Bradford has been outdistanced by his disciples, by Strachey and Guedalla. . . . But he has done one, two, three, four, five corking things, and you ought not to force him to go running around crying, "I gave 'em the idea!"

* * *

Now I have a great respect for Mr. Bradford's achievement. I do not believe that Strachey derives from Bradford, but I am glad to have the opportunity to pay the latter gentleman proper tribute. And America can certainly, in the person of Mr. Bradford, pride herself on the possession of a most astute and cultivated biographer. He, of course, would be the last to claim Strachey and Guedalla as "disciples." But in the new impetus given to the art of biography of recent years Bradford is our outstanding figure for (to borrow a phrase from the race-track) "consistent performance." Today we seem veritably to spawn biographers, few possessing, however, the individuality as well as the scholarship of our modern Gamaliel. My hat is off to him, therefore; and he should have been mentioned in this connection.

In Germany Gerhardt Hauptmann at sixty was given a special theatre week at Breslau,—that is, performances of his plays were given! On the Riviera, d'Annunzio, now quite bald, fell from the window of his villa. In Italy, Mussolini and the Fascisti had given tongue. These men of the "fasces," are a national league more like—no, not *our* National League—our American Legion, than anything I can think of. Out of our own California, Luther Burbank was seventy-three years old, had invented, among other things, the spineless cactus; and later died with commendable irreligiosity. George Creel was organizing opposition to John S. Sumner's Book Censorship. Edison, the Wizard of East Orange, celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday. January, 1923, introduced us to Karel Capek and his Robots in the startling play "R. U. R.," of course a Theatre Guild presentation. The "Last Poems" of the great English poet, A. E. Housman, after so many years, caused quite a sensation. They were very nearly as good as "A Shropshire Lad."

And now, as I sit back to think over the last four years, what seems chiefly to emerge? In poetry, of course, there was the case of T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land." If you refer to Mr. I. A. Richards's recent essay in the Today and Tomorrow Series on "Science and Poetry," you will gather how significant he thinks Eliot of the changing attitude of modern poetry. For a number of the younger writers Eliot hit the nail on the head. He put on paper a post-war mood of sterility and disillusionment that most had felt. Thomas Stearns Eliot was, and is, a young American educated at Harvard who soon left us to pursue life permanently in England and on the Continent. He has edited for some time in England, the *Criterion*, formerly a quarterly, now a monthly under the name of *The New Criterion*. He is an interesting poet and an interesting critic. To a certain group he is the leading poet of the day. To many people "The Waste Land" was matter for much hilarity. It is a peculiar poem, and fierce controversy once raged concerning it. To me it seems —and the poem has a genuine emotional appeal for me—that, if it does not in some queer way remind you of yourself, it must, necessarily, subside into so much gibberish. This is not so with many of Eliot's other poems. And I exalt his Hippopotamus. Eliot, like Joyce, has spread an influence among some of our younger writers. They have been attracted by his idiom. He is a bad influence, just as Joyce is a bad influence. The two men evolved their different peculiarities out of their own necessities. Such necessities are not to be acquired, the other way round, by adopting their idiom superficially.

* * *

Mr. Cabell went on to write 'The High Place" and "The Silver Stallion." Carl Van Vechten, formerly a music critic and essayist of charm, had followed his "Peter Whiffle" with "The Blind Bow-Boy," since when he has chiefly devoted himself with wicked amusement to writing fantastic novels. A solid realist in our fiction showed his best powers when Charles G. Norris produced "Bread" and "Brass." His wife, Kathleen Norris, gave us her best in "Certain People of Importance." There was Rupert Hughes. W. E. Woodward began a literary career with "Bunk" and established a reputation for the de-bunking of business sham. Dreiser's "The Genius" was reprinted. Edgar Lee Masters, the poet, turned novelist; "The Nuptial Flight" appeared. Masters has done better with his boy stories of Skeeters Kirby. Christopher Morley blossomed into a fantastic novel, "Where the Blue Begins;" and a new parodist of the first water arose in Christopher Ward by whose later phase as a novelist I set no such store. Among younger people of promise there had been the poetry and novels of Stephen Vincent Benét; and the talented Dorothy Speare now sparkled before us. Elinor Wylie's "Jennifer Lorn" rose as a star. Hendrik Van Loon, a Hollander by birth, had followed his "The Story of Mankind" with "The Story of the Bible" and his satiric historical gift and amusing drawings were long familiar. Don Marquis, a colyumist who burst from his shell, was about to see his "The Old Soak" on the stage. Clem Hawley was to become a classic. Don has collected the best of his column work in various books, but has "The Great Goulash Mystery" ever been so collected? If so we have missed it. How we loved it, as it ran in the column! And then there was "The Great Gland Mystery." The synopses of prior instalments took up most of the space, to be followed by, for instance:

CHAPTER LV

Finally her voice broke the silence.
It was a well-modulated voice, soft and steady.
But there was suppressed emotion in it.
"Oliver!" she said in scarcely more than a whisper.
"Elizabeth!" he replied. . . .
Behind them a panel in the wall opened and a gnarled and bony hand appeared.

(*to be continued*)

Soon everyone was reading and talking about "Arabia Deserta," by the famous Doughty. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Doctor, in the person of Doctor Joseph Collins, was looking at literature. He looked so successfully that a perfect fever of looking seized upon him, and he has since been looking rapidly at almost every other phenomenon in our national life. A masterpiece appeared to crown the work of Willa Cather's "A Lost Lady." There was a book by Edith Summers Kelley called "Weeds," a fine book; and another fine one by Ethel M. Kelley called "Heart's Blood;" and neither one of them is to be confused with "Weeds" by Pio Baroja, the Spaniard. There was the Manaton Edition of Galsworthy and the Concord Edition of Conrad, and there were always the advertisements of "My Unknown Chum."

❧ ❧ ❧

There were the last books of Katherine Mansfield, and the discussion of Gurdjieff. Giorgus Gurdjieff, of Greek origin, had built up a sort of soul-treatment omposed of music, rhythmic gymnastics and a mystical discipline. At the "Forest House," at the Gurdjieff Institute in Fontainebleau, Katherine Mansfield died, seemingly a victim to her belief in the treatment, though her husband, Middleton Murry, thought otherwise. Then there was the Mirrors *motif*. First there was the Man with the Duster and then our own "The Mirrors of Washington." Meanwhile our attention was directed ever and anon to (1.) the poetry of E. Estlin Cummings (minus capital letters). (2.) the rise of young Cyril Hume (Hume are you said Cyril) with "The Wife of the Centaur"—the Movie rights of which came to twenty-five thousand dollars. (3.) William Beebe and his return from Galapagos (4.) David Garnett of England, whose "Lady Into Fox" was followed by "Man in the Zoo" (5.) The plays of John Howard Lawson. (6.) the discovery of the English writer, E. M. Forster. (7.) Ring Lardner as a deeply ironic short-story writer. (8.) Nathalia Crane, the child prodigy of "The Janitor's Boy." (9.) Michael Arlen in his Green Hat. (10.) Walter Traprock, the Explorer. (11.) Edmund Lester Pearson, Murder Expert (not practicing), and (12.) Frances Newman, author of "The Short Story's Mutations," soon to become more flagrant as a novelist. Those are a few footnotes. A novel by a young man named Glenway Wescott, entitled "The Apple of the Eye," showed remarkable promise. Mr. George Moore deeply impressed Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer with his collection of "Pure Poetry." We had had Gertrude Atherton's "Black Oxen"—a gland book!—and we now had Kenneth Burke's "The White Oxen," revealing a new writer of a good deal of ability.

Duse made her final stage appearance in Pittsburgh; Maurois wrote "Ariel;" Conrad died; Sabatini, the Anglo-Italian, whose father was the Maestro-Cavaliere Vincenzo Sabatini, and who had written "The Lovers of Yvonne" as far back as 1902, was suddenly all the rage as an historical novelist and going into the moving pictures. We became aware of that extraordinary journalist, William Bolitho, in "Leviathan." We saw "They Knew What They Wanted," and the rise of Sidney Howard as a playwright. We wisnessed Conan Doyle's "The Lost World" in the Movies, with a lifelike triceratops therein, and a quite as lifelike brontosaurus. There was a craze for Donn Byrne and a craze for Laurence Tibbett as a barytone. There was Amy Lowell's "Keats."

❧ ❧ ❧

But now, as I look around for my hat and begin to fidget over my departure, what have I accomplished by hitting these high spots? It would need, I see, a better man to shake this all down into the proper proportion and perspective. And even as my keys clicket away, the literary scene changes. I have omitted an enormous amount, and yet more and more books and reputations hover in the shadows. The next five years, even, may see the rise of various stars of magnitude. And what a territory is here, in this widespread country! In mentioning Cabell, for instance, I have hardly touched on the South at all. Ellen Glasgow, a veteran Southern novelist, has done her very best work just recently. Mary Johnston has had a long and honorable career. There is the new DuBose Heyward, of "Porgy." I have not mentioned T. S. Stribling. Among the Middle-Westerners, I have not said a word for Homer Croy; and what short shrift I have given Miss Cather, one of our very best. Robinson Jeffers, who follows the late George Sterling as the best poet of the Coast, should at least have his name spoken. And then there is the latter-day Edith Wharton. Well, really, it could go on forever!

As to critics, Professor Sherman has been a severe loss. Remains Professor Brownell as probably our best. The hochwohlgeboren Mencken continues hilariously to lay about him. Edmund Wilson, among the young critics, is a name to be reckoned with. And I see that I have utterly neglected Gilbert Seldes's "The Seven Lively Arts," a stimulating tribute to Krazy Kat and other comedians, Heywood Broun, veteran journalist and dominating force in journalistic criticism, has been omitted; and the bearded and oracular Ernest Boyd. Nor have I had a single chapter upon the Algonquineers!

Truly, my sins, both of om- and of com-mission, cry to Heaven! Thus it is to grapple with the American scene, even with the literary side of it. But here I am, anyway, at an end. And here, at last, is my hat. And this is the door; and I have my hand on the doorknob. We-el . . . Goodbye! See, though, I shake through the closing door at you my latest enthusiasm, a book of poems by Dorothy Parker. It is a significant little book in its best peppery morsels. And its title is especially significant of what I conceive to be my only achievement in this garbled chronicle. For it is called "Enough Rope."

(THE END)

Covenanters

WITCH WOOD. By JOHN BUCHAN. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by SAMUEL MERWIN

THE reading of "Witchwood" has entailed, for me, meditation on the general subject of John Buchan. For here is a story-teller of such spirit and color and vigor, so keen with the zest of life, so resourceful in invention and yet so ripe in mellowed, humanized scholarship, that it is a little hard to place him in the present scheme of things. For one thing, he is so "wholesome" (the quotation marks are irresistible here) as to seem almost Victorian to those of our young folks who are excitedly pinning their faith to the sometimes brilliant and often neurotic invasion of our ideas and our ideals from the introspective peoples of Eastern Europe. For another, he is a master of every sound device of pure zestful story telling, a Scottish sportsman who can give Phillips Oppenheim a stroke a hole and then lay a neat stymie almost at will; and how, in Heaven's name, these days, are we to take a story teller seriously? For yet another, he is a historian, and an M.P. and a University official able to handle his backgrounds and his language with an authority and an ease that flower into strong, supple writing never found among mere fictioneers. Indeed his prose is so vigorous, so happy in epithet, so richly colloquial and so unobstructively flavored with the salty misty tang of the Scottish country air that you can no more deny him a "literary" (Oh, these quotes!) standing than you can deny him a front position among entertainers.

Apparently, then, he is a born spinner of engrossing yarns who isn't ashamed to spill lavishly into his work all the knowledge and color and flavor of life that are luckily his to give. And it is conceivable that he may yet prove a powerful factor in stemming the present-day tide of self-conscious European thought, much as Stevenson turned the tide of an earlier realism with "Treasure Island." Certainly "Prester John" will stand. In "Greenmantle" and "Mr. Standfast" and the other wartime books, with all their spirited sense of adventure, there are flashes of power and glimpses of reality that stir the blood. Real people walk about in those stories. In "Midwinter" that shambling young tutor, Samuel Johnson, speaks and lives. In "Huntingtower" just as mere excitement seems to be coasting close to absurdity, those amazingly lifelike Scotch gamins step in and (to borrow a locution from the theater) steal the story. "John McNabb," of course, for pure fun and the zest of outdoor sport, stands alone among the books of this century. Even in "The Dancing Floor," which in lesser hands might have sunk into routine romance, the vitality of primitive-folk belief becomes a reality and a menace.

His knowledge and his sense of the past seem to me to find their best outlet in this new book, "Witchwood." He has taken an old border legend, of a gentle country minister, supposed to have been spirited away by the fairies in the dark wood of Melanudrigill, and has breathed an astonishing life into it. By the device of a modern prologue the reader is led into the daily routine of a seventeenth-century village between Carlyle and Edinburgh. The young minister, David Sempill, is a gentle soul, in spiritual affinity with the Christ that is depicted in the gospels. But over him sit the Covenanters of the Kirk with their savage old-testament theology and their Calvinistic repression. Under him, in the simple village by the dark forest, boils a stubborn folk-instinct, a devotion to the secret pagan sacrificial rites of the Picts from whom this dour people sprang, and on which the theories and practices of the Christian Church are little more than a veneer. Inevitably, his faithful spirit is caught between the two. The Montrose rising complicates the situation for him. The entrance of the lovely Katrine of Calidon into his simple life raises the story to a pitch of almost unbearable poignancy. There are numerous characters, all keenly sensed and firmly etched in. There is movement, stir, drama; but in "Witchwood" Mr. Buchan has forsworn mere adventure as he has forsworn mere romance. I find difficulty in classing the book with so-called historical romances; it is rather the narrative of real people who happened to live then instead of now, and of real forces driving men before them. He has aimed at nothing less than the recreation of a picturesque epoch, and I feel that he has succeeded. In a sense, the story has to be tragic, yet here is a lift at the end that stirs the fancy as it touches the heart.

Yes, to me, it is John Buchan's best book. It has, of course, flavor and vitality and color. But it has, too, depth and mood and pity. It is written, *con amore*, in a rich, finely mettled Scotch-English. Every work of art, to me, is to be measured somewhat by the sense it conveys of the person behind it. "Witchwood" is a splendid tribute to the stature of John Buchan.

A Homer of the West

COLLECTED POEMS. By JOHN G. NEIHARDT. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1926. $4.
INDIAN TALES AND OTHERS. By JOHN G. NEIHARDT. The same. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

AT the age of six, Mr. Neihardt tells us, he first discovered the Missouri River for himself from a bluff top at Kansas City. His acquaintance with the Indian country began about forty years ago, "when I lived with my pioneering grandparents in Kansas on the upper Solomon." In 1908, with the preparation of a Western American epic in mind, he descended the Missouri in an open boat, and also ascended the Yellowstone for a considerable distance. For years he was intimately associated with the Omaha Tribe of Indians, a Siouan people. Early he decided to work the material indigenous to his own terrain into his writing. He has successfully done so, to put it mildly.

Those who remember the old Outing Publishing Company may recall their publication of Mr. Neihardt's earliest book of poems, "A Bundle of Myrrh." Meanwhile his short stories, some of which appear in "Indian Tales and Others," had been attracting attention in the magazines. He produced more tales and other volumes of poems. But the great work he was to do was ever at the back of his hand. As he sets it forth:

> The heroic spirit, as seen in heroic poetry, we are told, is the outcome of a society cut loose from its roots, of a time of migrations, of the shifting of populations.

Such a time was before him in his contemplation of the making of our West. He feels that Americans are apt to lack a sense of racial continuity. He desired to restore that sense. He began to get a vision of what he calls the Western American Epos.

> . . . and I see it, not as a thing in itself, but rather as one phase of the whole race life from the beginning; indeed, the final link in that long chain of heroic periods stretching from the region of the Euphrates eastward into India and westward to our own Pacific Coast. . . . The true American Epos was developed between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean in approximately the first four decades of the nineteenth century. When the settlers began to cross the Missouri the end of the epic period was in sight.

As it shaped in his mind, it became clear to him that the period with which he must deal was contained between two most definite dates, the year 1822 when the first Ashley-Henry band ascended the Missouri, and the year 1890 which "marked the end of Indian resistance on the Plains." In working out his plan for a complete cycle, he has "yet to deal with the period of exploration and the period of migration." Meanwhile he has given us three remarkable and significant chapters of what will eventually be his completed work.

"The Song of Hugh Glass" was published in 1915. "The Song of Three Friends" followed it four years later. "The Song of the Indian Wars"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is immediately recent. Despite the order of their publication, Mr. Neihardt says that "The Song of Hugh Glass" should be read as the second of his cycle. Sources of "The Song of Three Friends" and "The Song of Hugh Glass" are to be found in ancient periodicals of 1829 and in Chittenden's "History of the American Fur Trade," and so on. The skeletons of the stories are historical. "The Song of the Indian Wars" is, of course, a narrative of a sequence of actual occurrences. It "deals with the last great fight for the bison pastures of the Plains." Mr. Neihardt lists a great many names of still living participants in the events of those times, to whom he has gone for various information, besides making extensive investigation of source material.

The three members of his Epos are Mr. Neihardt's most important work to date, and they partially compose a work to which he is devoting the twenty best years of his life. To judge by his handling of the episodes of the Ashley-Henry time and of the time of Custer he is eminently justified. He has given us vivid, heroic, authentic canvases. He has handled the flow of his couplets with power and beauty, he has evoked thrilling drama. His lyric period is past; but he was never a lyric poet of the first water, while he is nigh to be narrative poet of that kind. One remembers of his earlier work such striking things as "Let Me Live Out My Years," "When I am Dead," "Cry of the People," "When I Have Gone Weird Ways," "Prayer for Pain," "Easter," fragments from "A Vision of Woman" and "A Poet's Town," the longer "Prairie Storm Rune," and "Gaea, Mother Gaea!" But these are all that I personally should care to retrieve, while his advance from several intervening brief poetic dramas, to be found in "Two Mothers," to the full tide of his heroic verse is a truly remarkable transition.

Neihardt is, above all things, a good teller of tales. That is indicated also by the book of his prose before me. It is uneven, but the best stories have considerable power. Such Indian stories as "The White Wakunda" and "Vylin" in their different fashions are memorable. "The Last Thunder Song" is a searching footnote to Indian history. "The Red Roan Mare" came out of the material that went to make "The Song of the Indian Wars" and is an exceptionally vivid performance. In "The Nemesis of the Deuces" is a description of the same sort of terrible prairie fire that plays a significant part in "The Song of Three Friends." "The Man Who Saw Spring," which ends the collection, is trenchant. "The Alien" recalls somewhat Balzac's famous "A Passion in the Desert," but is a stirring piece of work in its own right.

There is no doubt that Neihardt knows the Indian. His understanding of and sympathy with the Redskin go deep. In his heroic verse one has only to refer to the speech of Red Cloud, to the last charge of Roman Nose at Beecher's Island, to the description of the Indian village prior to Custer and Reno's coming, to the death of the noble Crazy Horse. Never, I venture to say, has red Indian warfare been described so well. It is as if we were actually present at the episodes. Take this, at random:

Shadows screamed
Before the kicking Spencers, split and streamed,
About the island in a flame-rent shroud.
And momently, with hoofs that beat the cloud,
Winged with the mad momentum of the charge,
A war horse loomed unnaturally large
Above the burning ring of rifles there,
Lit, sprawling, in the midst and took the air
And vanished. And the storming hoofs roared by.
And suddenly the sun, a handbreadth high,
Was peering through the clinging battle-blur.
Verily the old West has its Homer at last!

The French Academy at a recent meeting elected Abel Herman to succeed to the chair of René Boylesve, and Emile Mâle to succeed to that of Jean Richepin. M. Herman is one of the most eminent of France's novelists of manners, and M. Mâle, who is director of the French School in Rome, has dedicated his life to the study of French religious art.

Mathilde Serao, one of the most noted of Italian novelists, died recently in Naples. During the fifty years of her literary activity she produced some thirty works, of which twenty were novels. The usual theme of her romances was Naples, its vicissitudes and triumphs, and the manner of life in it. Many of her novels have been translated into English. Her works had wide popularity.

The Bowling Green

Chickens in the Field

BLYTHE came across the lawn, her hands hidden behind her. Eyes roguish, her small positive person swinging gaily, definitely, in time to the tune she was singing. "I know a secret —I won't tell; I know a secret—I won't tell," she chanted.

Yes, she knows a secret. What is it, I wonder? If *we* knew, you and I, it wouldn't be a secret.

Sometimes I think I have guessed a hint of it—that the age between four and five is the most beautiful of all. I meet her upstairs unexpectedly in the middle of a hot summer night, trotting in her pyjamas. Perhaps she felt a sudden solitude, and planned an emigration into Mother's bed. (Do you know that sound of small bare feet on large bare floors, heard from below?) Or after breakfast when she climbs on a chair by the victrola, puts on a record, and dances to it with solemn grace. Quick, flitting in every movement, a dancing shape, an image gay. "She's always running," said observant Christopher. "She's an awfully quaint little thing."

She knows a secret. There are suggestions of it sometimes in the stories she tells. Riding in the car she feels an urge to narrate. She invents a myth or a long chantey of her own and recites it endlessly —if she can compel the others to silence; not always easy, for they too have epics they hanker to impart. She makes unexpected flashes of utterance, as when Dean Swift, loudly blowing her horn, went carefully round a dangerous corner. "I hear the Dean saying, Excuse Me," said Blythe. That clear spring day at Lloyd's Neck, when a cold April wind was crisping frills of white broken water along the beach. The whole shore was edged with a pure white band of foam. It was one of those crystal days of earliest spring, too fair for steady thought. She looked at the shining fringe of breakers and heard their clean hiss on the pebbles. (She was only three.) "Snow," she said. "Snow saying, Sorrow to come in."

She knows a secret. Perhaps once we knew it too.

Darker occasions—when there are beans or spinach to be finished. The old family cry: Finach your spinach! Steadfast, unshakeable passive resistance. "You make me sad! Do you want me to burst right open?" Very well, Blythe, no chocolate cake if you don't finish your vegetables. A slow humidity of tears in those dark eyes. (And gosh, what eyelashes!) Blythe, go and look at the doorknob, see if there isn't a smile there. There's a glass door-handle, just her height, on a door that has a mirror in it. According to legend, a Special Smile lives on that doorknob. The trick is that when Blythe goes there to look for the smile on the knob, she sees herself in the tall mirror behind it. And in her grim unspinachable mood she looks so comic that she herself bursts into a grin. Well then, did you find it? She climbs again, smiling but businesslike, into the high chair. But the spinach is never finach. Ask the dining room rug.

An idea for you: have a dining room rug that is spinach-colored.

The best stories are those Titania tells for Blythe's benefit, coming home in the car. After a long drive, perhaps out Farmingdale way to buy fresh vegetables from the stalls along the road, small passengers get restless and bickerish. I don't know why it is: Mr. Mistletoe has to brood and think a long while before he can tell a story, but Titania can spin a yarn right off the reel. The older children relish these stories too, with all the professional zest of literary critics, for they can appreciate how subtly the fable is adapted to Blythe's requirements, her mood and station in life. One of them is the story of Chickens in the Field. I have never heard it told, only heard it spoken of. As I say, it is Titania's story, and she is the one who can tell it properly.

One of the musics that Blythe makes up for herself, as the car hums along the road, is Chickens in the Field. "Chickens, chickens, in the field," she sings, many many times, to a tune of her own. That is all there is to it, but it goes on for a long while and is a great comfort. The story tells why the chickens were in the field, and what they were doing there.

Once upon a time there was a hen who had a large family of young chickens. They were a great care to her. They had to be watched and looked after all the time. The hen had to see that their feathers were kept clean, that they drank fresh water, that they didn't get their feet wet, and didn't eat indigestible beetles with stings. This busy hen was on the go all day, clucking to them not to cross the road in front of cars, not to wander into the next-door garden, not to go rambling in the open field which was full of dangers. Like all mothers, her legs got very tired toward evening. But if she lay down for a minute to rest them in the nice warm dust, the chickens were in some trouble or other. Shrill peeps of dismay summoned her, and she would run to the rescue, all her feathers trembling with anxiety.

And then one day, when she was picking around in the driveway she happened to find a cigarette that someone had tossed out from a car. It was still lit, and just in curiosity the hen put it in her beak and took a few puffs. She liked the taste and it made her feel quite rakish to be smoking, just as she had seen well dressed ladies doing on the front porch. She held the cigarette gracefully in one claw, and tossed her head at a mischievous angle. She saw other hens in the yard looking at her with surprise, and caught a gleam of attention from the big red rooster. Suddenly she determined to have a gay life while it was still possible. Why should she spend all her time looking after the chickens?

The whole neighborhood is still talking about the lively doings that followed. You would never have known she was the same hen. She had her feathers smartly shingled, and she bought some new clothes, and very thin yellowish silk stockings, and she smoked all the time. She got herself a swift little roadster with a rumble seat behind, and she could be seen flashing along the North Shore roads at a great pace. She didn't even need to stop driving to light a cigarette: she bought a car that had an electric lighter. She never got home to the roost until late, for she usually dined out at some gay roadhouse. If her legs were tired now, it was from dancing. She even had a fifty-trip ticket on the railroad, and the only worry she had was to find places to park the car while she went to a matinée in town.

And while the gay hen was leading this exciting life, with a little blue trail of cigarette smoke behind her, where were the chickens? Why, they were in the field, as Blythe had noticed. They had wandered across the road and you could see them over there, scattered at their own sweet will. They were having a grand time I dare say, but they were getting their feet wet and eating all sorts of dangerous things. They got into poison ivy and they coughed at night. They were getting quite tough, and there is nothing more regrettable in a chicken.

One day the gay hen was on her way back from a tea party in Great Neck. She wanted to smoke a cigarette, but the lighter in her car had got out of order. So she stopped and waved to the first car that came along, to borrow a match.

It happened to be Mr. Mistletoe's car, Dean Swift, with the whole family on board. Of course Mr. Mistletoe had a match, and hastened to give a light to such a smart looking hen. Blythe, sitting in the back of the car, was greatly interested. She watched the hen carefully, and then began to sing her little ditty, "Chickens, chickens, in the field," she sang.

The gay hen was just tossing away the match with a debonair gesture. She was ready to step on the gas and go scooting off down the road to another party in Locust Valley. Suddenly she realized how tired she was of a roadhouse life. When she heard Blythe's song she thought with sadness of the chickens running wild all over the fields, not wearing rubbers, eating wrong food, quarreling and using bad words, growing up rowdy and tough.

She threw away the cigarette, and drove home fast, very fast. She leaped out of the smart roadster and called all the chickens home from the field, with the old bedtime call that they still remembered. They were very big now, but once more she took them all under her wings as best she could, though they kicked and skirmished so that she was awake most of the night. . . .

And if the story has really been a success, and is told in a drowsy tone, to the rhyming hum of the car, Blythe is now asleep. She doesn't wake up until the Dean hits that bump at the bottom of the home driveway.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

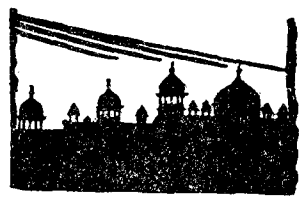
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MOTHER INDIA

Katherine Mayo

Author of "The Isles of Fear"

"The most fascinating, most depressing, most important and truthful book that has been written about India for a good deal more than a generation."—*New Statesman Illustrated.* $3.75



AMERICA COMES OF AGE

André Siegfried

"The best book on America since Bryce's 'American Commonwealth.'"—*London Times.* $3.00

THE REBELLIOUS PURITAN

Lloyd Morris

"The most illuminating study of Hawthorne which has yet been made."—*Joseph Wood Krutch, The Nation. Illustrated,* $4.00

MORE ONE-ACT PLAYS

By Modern Authors

Helen Louise Cohen

Plays by A. A. Milne, Eugene O'Neill, Robert Frost, Christopher Morley, John Erskine, and 9 others. $2.25

THE MALLETTS

E. H. Young

Author of "William"

"Miss Young has written a tremendously interesting novel in which she reveals herself a subtle, penetrating and witty student of women. A novel of distinction."—*N. Y. Times.* $2.00

THOMAS PAINE

Mary Agnes Best

"The ideal Paine biography. It is going to be read more widely than any life of Paine ever written. Far more interesting than the average novel."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune. Illustrated,* $3.50

TO THE LIGHTHOUSE

Virginia Woolf

By the Author of "Mrs. Dalloway"

A novel that is representative of the finest traditions in English literature today. $2.50

Harcourt, Brace & Co.

383 Madison Ave., New York

Books of Special Interest

A Good Start

A DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION WITH AMERICAN VARIANTS: In Phonetic Transcription. By H. E. PALMER, J. VICTOR MARTIN, and F. G. BLANDFORD. Cambridge (*Eng.*): W. Heffer & Sons Ltd. 1926.

Reviewed by GEORGE PHILIP KRAPP
Columbia University

THIS new pronouncing dictionary, which is mainly the work of Mr. Palmer and Mr. Martin, makes one promising step in advance of previous works of the same kind. But not because it uses a phonetic transcription, for Mr. Daniel Jones and others have done this. And after all a phonetic transcription must be counted merely as an unfortunate necessity. It would be much better if we could get along with our traditional alphabet in recording English pronunciation, but phonetic transcribing has proved its usefulness in so many ways that as a matter of practical convenience it has justified itself for all records of speech of even moderate exactness. The real advance in this book is not to be sought in its method but in its content.

In some way, especially among phoneticians in England, the conviction seems to have established itself that only one form of English speech is worth recording. Sweet, for example, made his own speech and the speech of his own community the basis for his phonetic observations, and Mr. Jones also remarks that he has recorded the speech of southern England, the so-called public school English of England, in his pronouncing dictionary because this speech happens to be the one with which he is most familiar. Both Sweet and Jones have disclaimed any intention of exalting this form of southern English over all other forms of English pronunciation, but others have not taken this disclaimer at its face value. And indeed it is extremely improbable that any expert phonetician would take as the basis of a description of the language for general use any form of the language which he was not prepared to approve as well as to describe. Mr. Wyld goes so far as to apply the adjective Received to this southern type of British English, and Mr. Palmer follows Mr. Wyld in this respect. But it is a pertinent question to ask, Received by whom?

Certainly there are great numbers of English speaking persons who do not employ the public school pronunciation of England, speakers not only in America and the colonies, but even in England. To an outsider, it is a marvel that Englishmen seem so willing to permit their many differing types of English speech to be judged and condemned merely in relation to this very limited Received English. Somewhere in his many admirable writings, Mr. Palmer has expressed the opinion that any pronunciation of any English word that passes current in cultivated speech anywhere is standard English. Standard English may presumably be taken as a fairly equivalent term to Received English, but if so, Received English by this definition would be something very different from the kind of English that Mr. Wyld and Mr. Jones have in mind.

The foundation of the dictionary of Mr. Palmer and Mr. Martin is still the Received English of Wyld and Jones, but Mr. Palmer and Mr. Martin have seen the necessity of adding something to this. They have seen that a pronouncing dictionary of the English language for general use cannot be made merely on the basis of the speech of one limited section of English society, and they have accordingly added the main types of American variant pronunciation. But even so, the dictionary as it stands is by no means a complete record of pronunciations of English words that may and do occur in cultivated English conversation. Perhaps the next phonetic dictionary will take a further step in advance and will record standard English pronunciation in the spirit of Mr. Palmer's definition of standard that has just been mentioned.

The number of different classes or groups of words which vary in American pronunciation from the Reecived pronunciation of England is not so great as might be expected. Mr. Martin lists twelve main groups, with some additional minor classes. Among the main differences are of course the presence in American speech of an *r*, or *r*-like sound in words containing *r* finally or before a consonant, the pronunciation of words like *bath, glass,* etc., with the vowel of *hat* instead of the vowel of *father*, the pronunciation of words like *nod, hot, box,* etc., with a vowel approximately the same in quality as the vowel of *father*, and the relatively fuller quality of the vowels of certain unstressed or secondarily stressed syllables in American as contrasted with British speech. No important differences are omitted in Mr. Martin's lists, though perhaps further minor variabilities might have been included. But as has already been suggested, this book is only a beginning. It has made an excellent start, but the good work must go on if we are to have an adequate representation of the pronunciation of cultivated English—*e pluribus unum*—as it exists today.

The Risorgimento

VICTOR EMMANUEL II AND THE UNION OF ITALY. By C. S. FORESTER. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1927. $4.

Reviewed by PAUL BIRDSALL
Harvard College

NATIONALISTIC movements are apt to be the product of great efforts at international consolidation like Napoleon's in the early nineteenth century. If a consolidated European state was the aim of his endeavor, the nations of Germany and Italy were the beneficiaries of his effort. Certainly nationalism dominates the nineteenth century as a major theme.

While William Roscoe Thayer and G. M. Trevelyan are the accredited historians and biographers of Italian nationalism, C. S. Forester's contribution is neither superfluous nor without value, for he is concerned not alone with the narrative of the Risorgimento, but with a delicate adjustment of the respective claims of its leaders for the credit of achieving Italian unity. His is primarily, neither a work of research, nor yet a merely popular account, but a performance of able generalization from the research of others.

His story begins with the Italy which existed in 1815 only as a sophisticated geographical expression. It recounts the apparently insuperable obstacles placed in the way of Italian unity by Austrian domination of the north, Bourbon reaction in the south, and Papal apostasy from liberal ideas in the very centre of Italy. The House of Savoy, itself later the rallying point of the Italian states, and the ægis of the Italian nation, hardly inspired confidence even in its own domains. Charles Albert, once liberal, then despot and apostate, now once more liberal, led one disastrous attempt against Austria, only to be routed and discredited.

The ascendancy of the House of Savoy in Italy began with the accession of Victor Emmanuel II and waxed with the *haute politique* of Cavour. The search for an ally to assist in breaking the Austrian grip on Italy led to the distant Crimea, where a Sardinian force shared victory over Russia. Hence Napoleon III's query to Victor Emmanuel, "What can I do for Italy?" The answer at Plombières was prompt and definite. The elimination of Austria from Italian politics followed in due course, and finally the constitutional monarchy of a united Italy was established. Victor Emmanuel II, King of Sardinia, became Victor Emmanuel II, King of Italy. His numerical designation had not changed, but it was the only element of continuity in a transformed Italy. It was so designed and served its purpose in bridging the gap.

But to whom is due the credit? Mazzini the republican, and agitator, Garibaldi the popular leader, Cavour the statesman, but above all Victor Emmanuel monarch, soldier, statesman, diplomatist. Forester concludes that "had Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Cavour been weaker and less gifted men, Italy might still have struggled forward to union and independence; without Victor Emmanuel it would have been impossible." Both Garibaldi and Mazzini were the firebrands that at times blazed too hotly. Victor Emmanuel was constrained to quench them both. Cavour, the constructive statesman, in despair left his King at one most critical point to bear alone the burden of difficult negotiations. Finally, no less heroic figure than the King could have served to draw that allegiance of all Italy which politics alone could not have secured.

Forester's final pages tell somewhat sketchily the later history of Italy, with wary references to Fascism, but they only weaken the book. For the rest, a vigorous, clear narrative, with vivid biographical sketches, summarizes one of the most brilliant chapters of modern history.

Roosevelt and the Caribbean

By Howard C. Hill

The carefully guarded Roosevelt Papers in the Library of Congress were perhaps the most notable sources of this book. Only two other people have been permitted by the government to examine them thoroughly. From them and other new material Mr. Hill has written a new chapter in the history of Roosevelt's negotiations with Central American countries.

$2.50

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

5852 Ellis Avenue CHICAGO

Spiritual Values and Eternal Life

By HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

Rarely has Dr. Fosdick spoken with greater cogency and charm than in this inspiring statement of his faith in immortality, which was given last April as the Ingersoll Lecture on Immortality. His faith is based on the assurance that goodness, truth, beauty, and love are no casual by-products of a negligent universe but rather the very essence of the real world and that death has no dominion over them or their possessors. $1.00 a copy.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
2 RANDALL HALL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

"Philo Vance, the amateur detective, is an original and fascinating person," says Wm. Lyon Phelps, "and

The 'Canary' Murder Case

is one of the most ingenious and thrilling tales of crime that I have seen."

By S. S. Van Dine
$2.00 *Scribners*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Points of View

Is It Pedantry?

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

I have never seen the subject mentioned in your columns, but I know it is not my imagination, and I wonder if there is any valid reason for it—why is present-day printing so bad? I do not mean the quality of the type, but the gross errors that abound. In a publication like yours, as in a daily newspaper, I can understand them, but I find them in such high class magazines as *Harper's* and the *World's Work*, and worse yet, in books published by well known and reputed houses. To take three instances at random, I have lately been reading Harry Franck's "A Vagabond Journey Around the World," Sexton Pope's "The Adventurous Bowmen," and Negley Farson's "Sailing Across Europe." All three are disfigured by terrible typographical errors in great numbers. A few cases such as "Duisberg" instead of "Duisburg" and "Debreczen" for "Debreczen" in Farson's book, and several in Franck's, may be the fault of the author (though I think it is up to a good publisher not to let bad slips by an author get into print), but most of them are horrible examples of bad proof reading. It is a pity that otherwise good books, and not cheap ones either, should be spoiled so. And I am sure that ten or twenty years ago this sort of thing did not occur, or at least was not common.

I feel like protesting against something else. I notice that all the authors and critics who contribute to your pages use such expressions as "an historian," "an harmonic whole," etc. What justification is there for this, except pure pedantry? Of course I know that these words came from the Latin and through French, and that in them the "h" is mute, but the "h" is not mute in present-day English, and it is just as absurd to say "an historian" and "an harmony" as it is to say "an ham sandwich" and "an hit for two bases." Do these writers also commit such things as "an useless object"? If not, why not? "An unique sight" and "such an one" are just as bad, for "unique" and "useless" really begin with a consonant "y" and "one" begins with a "w" just as much as "won" does. I venture to believe that the authors who write "an historian" do not drop the "h" when they pronounce the word "historian," as they must do, for instance, in the word "hour." Pedantry, pure and simple!

In French the influence of the written symbol representing what was once actual pronunciation may be observed in such words as "oiseau," which of course begins with a "w" and not with an "o," and yet is written, in combination with the article, "l'oiseau." But on the other hand, the French write "la ouate," which is correct. In English we are under no compulsion to imitate the bad French usage in "oiseau;" hence I protest.

I notice also that some of our contemporary American authors are dropping back into British peculiarities of spelling, such as "colour" and "kerb"—or maybe the publishers are responsible, for I have noticed it in several books of Doubleday, Page & Co., and it looks incongruous when the subject of the book is Texas in the Wild West days. My objection is not that these spellings are British, but that they are, at least in the case of "colour" and its like, farther from the pronunciation and the etymology than the accepted American forms without the "u." And I do not think an author should deliberately mis-spell place names, as is done in Christopher Morley's "Thunder on the Left," where a place near New York is constantly spelled "Deep Harbour." I hasten to add that I may be wrong about the first word being "Deep," as I quote from uncertain memory, but I am in no doubt about the second being "Harbour," and that is the important thing. Mr. Morley and his publishers have the right to talk and write about "harbour" with a small "h" in whatever country situated, but I deny their right to spell the name of any town, real or fancy, in the present United States that way. It offends my sense of reality and propriety, when I know all the signs in the town read "Harbor."

CLIFFORD H. BISSELL.

Berkeley, Calif.

In Re French Slang

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

It was of peculiar interest to me to see in your columns mentioned the familiar dictionary of French slang by Dr. Césaire Villatte. Some thirty years ago it was extensively used in the Netherlands in the Dutch rendering of Bonte. Not for use in schools—the preface stated emphatically: "Det Boek is volstrekt niet geschreven voor de Fransch leerende jeuyd,"—it was, however, extremely helpful to students of French as a supplement "op alle Fransch-Nederlandsche woordenboecken." It is still among the best in that field, though the war has brought in use a great number of new expressions, whilst many words and expressions of Villatte's dictionary are now seldom heard.

Professor Adrien Timmermans, of Leyden, wrote a few years ago "L'Argot Parisien," published by Victorien Frères, Paris; a very meritorious work, of philological interest as well as literary. It seems to me worth while to direct attention to this work, though many other dictionaries and glossaries of modern argot have appeared. For the understanding of modern French a certain knowledge of argot is needed. How else would be intelligible Vantel's "Mon curé chez les riches," "Mon curè chez les pauvres," or the popular "Bibi-la-purée" of Saint Martin?

A. V. C. P. HUIZINGA.

Thompson, Conn.

Rewriting Classics

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

In your issue of July 23 there is a letter signed Margaret Patterson, in which (to use a colloquialism) Miss or Mrs. Patterson tells Keats just where he gets off in his "Ode to a Nightingale," and characterizes his phrase of "Magic casements" as "a bit of elegant stuffing."

Does not this peerless critic belong among that glad throng of eminent persons who eagerly rewrite (in better English, of course) the Gettysburg address, and think to improve the King James Bible by calling the Garden of Eden a park, and the City of David, Davidburg?

And in this goodly company should not a place be found for the author of that masterpiece of vulgarity, "The Man Nobody Knows," in which the Saviour of Mankind is a depicted as a blend of Babbitt and Rotarian, engaged in trying to "sell" the Christian Religion?

CONSTANCE WILLIAMS.

Misunderstanding

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

It seems to me that a recent correspondent has misunderstood the contention in your recent editorial, "Place and Literature." Mr. Sprague denies that nature description is relegated to the background in the modern American novel, citing such writers as Zane Grey and James Oliver Curwood. But in this popular "outdoor" fiction one expects to find nature in the foreground. The love for the adventurous, striking, and picturesque aspects of the country is quite a different thing from that romantic, subtle affection for familiar soil which characterizes English and German novels and poems. For instance, I have yet to find the novelist who has treated the rare beauty of Northwestern Connecticut. We have no Thomas Hardy. It almost seems as if love for the soil is in inverse ratio to its area. At any rate, the average American is far less susceptible to natural beauty than the average European. For us nature still means recreation, adventure, sport.

LAMBERT ARMOUR SHEARS.

New Milford, Conn.

Shakespeare Folios

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

May I seek the coöperation of your publication by asking you to print some notice of my search for Shakespeare Folios in the United States in preparation of a Census of extant copies? When the Boston *Transcript* and the New York *Times Book Review* reviewed the pamphlet containing a preliminary Census of First Folios, I received many letters from Folio owners unknown to me.

ROBERT M. SMITH.

Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.

TROUPERS! Rag-tag and bob-tail of the small time—tinsel gods of the three-a-day—racked by tourist sleepers in midnight jumps, sweating in unholy dressing rooms, crowded into tenth-rate hotels redolent of stale beer! In this backwater of stagedom a decade ago, Zelda Marsh had her start. Here was her soul forged and tried. She learned to love its happy, careless companionship in work; its motley crew of lost, generous, boastful souls. One above the others, George Selby, she loved . . .

ZELDA MARSH

CHARLES G. NORRIS

Author of Brass, Bread, Salt, Pig Iron

THE ghost of this lost land returned to haunt Zelda when she had achieved the pinnacle of stage success. Tom Harney offered love and security, society's recognition and surcease from her struggle. But she had taken the path that no woman may retrace. George; and Michael, lover of her girlhood, stood like shadows in the path of her happiness. That she chose a shadow to reality proved again the forging of her soul, as haunting and unforgettable as her own flaming beauty. *Just out—at your booksellers—$2.50 net.*

E·P·DUTTON·&·CO·681·FIFTH·AVENUE·NEW·YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in Singapore

By Philip Frederick Mayer

MALAY is a great language that has been folded away in a napkin without interest. More Malay boys read the Koran when the King James version of the Bible appeared than there were English boys who could read the first great book in our language. Shakespeare could have reached a larger audience if he had used Malay. Yet today, with forty million people still using the language, it has almost no literature. If you wanted to buy a five-foot shelf of Malay books you would have to include Malay-English dictionaries and translations of "Black Beauty" and "Mother Goose," and even then you wouldn't have as many words as Dr. Eliot selected as a minimum. Of course, an orientalist could fill a museum with manuscripts, old editions, and newspaper files in the language, but the Malay book counter in a Singapore shop looks more like a newspaper stand. A few piles of paper-covered books is the size of it.

The lack of literary development among the Malays is probably due to the climate which has made them a contented, easy-going people. They are artistic and willing to spend any amount of time in making beautiful baskets and colorful batiks. The language itself abounds in poetic idioms but the creation of literature requires more intellectual concentration than the Malay cares to give.

The best Malay dictionary looks as big as Webster's unabridged and must contain almost a tenth as many words but the meanings are all given in English. The Malay language is the Englishman's plaything and the British do all in their power to keep the game alive. They provide four years of free education in the vernacular for the Malays. The trouble is that Malay is now a blind-alley language offering no outlet to the knowledge and literature of the world. It is therefore preferable to pay tuition and attend one of the many large English schools.

English text-books provide the chief source of revenue to the bookseller in the Malay peninsula. There are many vernacular schools but the primary nature of the work offered there does not make for a large book demand. The prosperous thousands in the English schools, advancing through high school are the ones who have to buy the books. Among the texts published especially for children in the Straits Settlements and the Federated Malay States is an English primer, printed in England. It contains stories about children in the peninsula doing the familiar things of their environment, with pictures and conversation in regard to the rickshaw puller, the fruit hawker with Malay fruits, the temple, and the mosque. Singapore dealers handle over five thousand copies of this book annually. An English geography of the Malay Peninsula, printed in Singapore, has a sale of about three thousand copies annually.

Children's story books are in greatest demand after text books: Henty, Scott, Alcott, fairy stories, books of adventure and of American Indians. School funds are used to distribute a large number of such books rewarding faithful work on the part of the pupil with the additional hope that possession of interesting books will encourage the owner to read and become better acquainted with the language of the school.

Among books for adult consumption the travel section heads the list, particularly books about Malaya. World travellers buy their guide books on the spot. The constant stream of Europeans who go to Malaya for a few years in governmental, commercial, educational, or religious work soon develop a keen interest in their new surroundings, its history, legends, life, and cities. Residents find it convenient to spend vacations in Java, Sumatra, Siam, or even China and India. Europeans returning home on furlough visit new lands *en route*. Singapore is a travel center and one of the few cities of the world where travel books are in more demand than fiction.

English-Malay dictionaries and grammars are also popular with the white people who go to Malaya to work. Malay is one of the simplest languages to learn and a clever woman, after a few months of study, is able to keep the servants roasted even in the shade by her fluent use of Malay expletives.

The one branch in which the Singapore book dealer must keep most strictly up-to-date is the department of "thoughtful" books. To the educated Asiatic these are the only books worth buying. They hunger to know more of what the world is thinking. They are interested in religion and coupled with the large missionary demand in the same field it brings a quick sale to more philosophical studies. Europeans in general often develop a keen interest in the religious expression of the people about them and books on Mohamedanism, Buddhism, Theosophy, and other religions of the East are in considerable demand. Religious books bring in the only steady customers the Singapore dealer has and they must be kept up to the minute.

It is interesting to study racial characteristics as expressed in the demand for books. Educated people from India show a much higher interest in books with a humanistic flavor than do the Chinese. Almost every educated Indian has a few extremely interesting books in his library. As commonly as in America one is found who is really keeping abreast with the world. I recall a visit to an Indian overseer in the heart of the rubber forest a mile from the highway and sixty miles from the railroad. His little house amid squalid surroundings contained a creditable selection of the latest books in the fields of biography, criticism, philosophy, and fiction.

The Chinese, on the other hand, are more interested in technical books. Business or scientific subjects appeal to their instinct to get ahead. Art seems to be dead or at least atrophied among the Chinese of Singapore. On more than one occasion a Chinese asked for a book on dentistry. Inquiry as to the reason for the demand invariably led to the revelation that an observation had been made as to the high remuneration obtained in the dental profession. A friend having used the trade as a stepping stone to fortune had sold his old and (t)rusty instruments at a bargain price and now my worthy customer, being in possession of the tools of the craft, is anxious to know the tricks of the trade.

Not having any books on dentistry in stock I can afford to be admonitory and warn the aspirant of the dangers involved in his undertaking and especially of the ill results of an improper use of anesthetics and express doubt as to his knowledge of the use of antiseptics.

My disappointed customer listens with a kind of reverent respect. He bows low, "I thank you kindly. You have a profound knowledge of the subject of dentistry. In the absence of a book I may call upon you for further information from time to time. It is not so difficult to see how the tools are to be used and I was especially interested in the medicines. However, I think that most of the money is made from the tools anyway. I shall certainly not use the bottles with names beginning with 'A.'"

The Malayan book dealers' greatest nightmare is to have books out of stock. Most of the Singapore dealers do a large mail order business with the managers of the rubber estates as well as with the schools all over the peninsula. In order to secure this trade it is necessary to publish catalogues of the books which they have on hand. The demand is not sufficient in most cases to carry a wholesale supply of books and it is therefore impossible to keep all the items in stock all the time. It requires normally three months to secure books on an order from England and about four months from America. Consequently impatient customers are constantly dinning their complaints into the ears of the dealer because advertised books that they are anxious to have are not available.

In order to meet this defection one dealer has installed an elaborate stock control system such as would be found in a large manufacturing establishment. The cost of the system is so great that it makes the already burdensome overhead topheavy. It is thought, however, that a little better service will be a big factor in holding patronage against the keen competition which is developing.

The white dealer has his back against the wall in the East. Formerly the Asiatic understanding of European book requirements was so limited that it was part of the missionary activity of the churches to establish publishing houses and book stores. Asiatics, however, are beginning to know books as well or better than the average white man. They are willing to dicker for any price in order to sell their goods and as they have almost no overhead they are able to prosper enormously on a margin that would send the European shop into bankruptcy. The European dealer must have an expensive store room with attractive show cases and windows. He must have well paid and well dressed clerks and an elaborate accounting system. Furthermore he must pay large amounts for passage money and furlough salaries to himself and one or two European assistants. These extra expenses make it necessary to add another fourth to the selling price of the book above the cost of the freight so that books in Singapore are marked forty per cent above the ordinary retail price at home. The Asiatic could sell at the printed price and make a good profit; but of course he is anxious to make as much as possible so uses the same scale as the European shop; his customers appreciate the discount all the more.

Every year the European is having a harder time to make ends meet. His expenses grow abnormally while the increasing numbers of Asiatic stores cut away his trade. Most of the European firms at present operating are supporting themselves by the rather artificial patronage of schools and officials who prefer to deal with members of their own race even at arbitrary prices since it is not a personal expense on their part. These established connections ensure a large enough profit to keep going for the present but the native dealers are tenaciously attacking this system and each new official in the school or the government is less interested in the rather charitable work of supporting the old line book stores; for with the development of education on the part of the Asiatics it becomes less apparent that the older book stores are offering any special service to pay for their extra demands.

It may seem a little out of place to sing a swan song of the book business in the East at this time when education and intellectual interests are developing there as never before. But it is significant that no new European firms have been established in these rapidly growing cities since the war. Of the four old European firms in Singapore one has gone into the bottling business and is printing labels for bottles, another has given up books for office equipment, a third has sold several branches, and the fourth withdrawn one. The preference for dealing with men of their own race will continue to hold many Europeans and specialty shops to meet this demand will continue in the East as elsewhere. It is evident, however, that the white man's burden of carrying books to the oriental is about to be shifted to other shoulders.

Dent, of London, will publish next month a new edition of Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," with Aubrey Beardsley's illustrations and Professor Rhys's introduction. The work has been reset and includes ten designs by Beardsley that were omitted from the first edition, but accidentally included in the second, and one design hitherto unpublished. An essay on Beardsley has been contributed by Aymer Vallance.

Daniel Defoe's "Tour Through the Whole Island of Great Britain" has been reprinted in a limited edition in two volumes by Peter Davies and will appear in the autumn. The text, an exact reprint of the rare first edition, the third and completing volume of which appeared just two hundred years ago, is accompanied by a set of Moll's contemporary maps—some fifty in all—reproduced in collotype. G. D. H. Cole has contributed an introduction.

"The Pocket-Mouth"

DIE HASSLICHE HERZOGIN, MARGARETE MAULTASCH. By Lion Feuchtwanger. Potsdam: Gustav Kiepenheuer. 1927.

Reviewed by A. W. G. Randall

HERR LION FEUCHTWANGER leapt suddenly and, at least to the majority of German critics, unexpectedly into fame with his novel "Jud Süss." The success was not undeserved, for seldom, in modern historical fiction, has sound scholarship been so combined with intensity of imaginative writing and grim power of description. It will be interesting to see whether the success is repeated with this second novel. Again the writer has chosen an historical subject, again he has selected a complicated theme which requires a great deal of management before it can be reduced to the requisite proportions for dramatic treatment. Again the scholarship and careful erudition are evident, and again, we shall say at once, the writer's imagination has seized all the chances offered to it. They are not, it is true, so numerous; it is not possible to distil such terror and agony from this story as from the account of the power-lustful Jew of Würtemberg. None the less, with rather more neutral colored material, Herr Feuchtwanger has built up a remarkably attractive, gripping monument of historical fiction.

Margaret Maultasch, the "pocket-mouth," was the daughter of Henry, King of Bohemia in the fourteenth century. She obtained her nickname from her extreme ugliness. So misshapen was she that the mothers held up naughty children to see her and be afraid. But if she had no beauty she possessed a coveted jewel, the land of Tyrol, to which she was devotedly attached. "Its rivers flowed through her veins, its breezes were the breadth of her nostrils." But of this she was ultimately to be robbed. This is the climax of a series of disasters. Married at too early an age to the son of Johann of Luxemburg, she loses her husband to the beautiful Agnes von Flavon, her hated rival for the rest of her life. Although frowned on by the Church she is sought in marriage by the Emperor Louis for his son. This husband, too, she loses, and her son Meinhard dies. Still she has Tyrol, but her strength, that tenacity and ability with which she had held through adversity and ruled her territory with efficiency and success, begins to fail. There is no alternative to yielding up her Duchy to Rudolf of Habsburg. It is a pathetic story, told with great art. Together with "Jud Süss" it marks the high-water mark in the revival of the historical novel in contemporary German literature.

A European Novel

DENIED A COUNTRY. By Herman Bang. Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $2.50.

BENEATH its somewhat opinionated title Herman Bang's novel now translated from the Danish by Marie Busch and A. G. Chater, conceals an effective study of the cosmopolitan musical temperament. Joán Ujhazy has the curious fortune to be born of a Danish mother on an island in the Danube, which forms a part of no recognized nation, but is the personal possession of his father. His childhood is a confused welter of servants, teachers, and friends of almost every possible race and nationality. Considering that "Denied a Country" dates from before the war,—indeed, from so long ago as 1906,—Bang has succeeded in making the racial complexity of Europe singularly convincing. What he might have done with post-Versailles mandates, corridors, occupied areas, and bridgeheads we can only imagine, as the distinguished novelist died in 1912.

His hero grows up, hard-used by a world only too conscious of his lack of patriotism. He becomes a great violinist, and we catch a glimpse of him in the Orient Express on his way to fill engagements in Bucharest. This is the most brilliant and entertaining portion of the book, and one that may well be ranked high in the small library of really distinguished satire of musical people,—with such rare things as Richardson's "Maurice Guest," and the musical evening in "The Constant Nymph." But the larger portion of "Denied a Country" deals with the attempt of Joán Ujhazy to find a home in Denmark. For a brief space, (the entire latter half of the book is the narrative of a single evening) he believes that he has found a kind of happiness. But the petty quarrels and political dissensions of his mother's people disperse the illusion. While this portion of the novel is no less thoroughly studied, the issues are distinctly local, and much of the dialogue fails to make its mark in translation. In addition, Bang's sentiment, kept well under control in the childhood scenes, later becomes excessive.

DARK WINDS. By Marshall Johnson. Boston: The Four Seas Company. $1.50

This is a first book of verse. The poems were written by a boy scarcely twenty years old. His editor has selected them from a collection of over two hundred. To judge the poems on their own merits and not in relation to their author's age, they do not greatly impress; but judging them as the expressions of a youth they are remarkable. The fantastic conversation that begins the book we thought very badly done, but happening next on "Love Will Come" there was no denying a gift for phrase and musical feeling. The first poem concerning the author's friend, Farl, remains with us, not because it is a good poem, but because of its unusually vivid picture of the party, and the significance of that dead leaf. It is the same with a later poem, "Little Boy." And the other poems concerning Farl give us life keenly observed. In "The Dark Wind," in "Elegy," in "Loon Before Dawn" there are phrases that arrest. In many of the poems there is an intensity of feeling well conveyed, for all the technical faults. We regard this work, considering the writer's age, as most promising if he continues to grow as fast as he has already grown.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

PORTRAITS OF JEWS BY GILBERT STUART AND OTHER EARLY AMERICAN ARTISTS. By HANNAH R. LONDON. Rudge. 1927.

This is an interesting study on the borderline of art and antiquarianism. It presents an extraordinary gallery of Jews, who in colonial or early Republican days attained prominence in arms, commerce, or finance, and so is a valuable reminder of the contribution of the race to our national beginnings. There are many portraits by Stuart, Rembrandt, Peale, and Sully, while here and there a new painter emerges to delight the historian if not the critic. The suggestion may be hazarded that the Franks portraits with which the survey begins are by some later member of the Duyckinck family. This book is rather a sketch than a definitive study. It breaks new ground to good purpose, and it is handsomely made.

THE GLORY OF NEW YORK. By JOSEPH PENNELL. With an Introduction by Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Twenty-four color facsimiles. Rudge. 1927.

This sumptuously made album *in folio* is the record of Joseph Pennell's enthusiasm for the scenic beauty of New York. His last home, on Brooklyn Heights, was chosen in order that he might always look out upon the spectacle of the tall buildings and the endlessly varied procession of the ships. He studied all phases of this new beauty and caught much of it in swift sketches. Twenty-four of these have been carefully reproduced in their original colors and are brought together in a very handsome album as a sort of final memorial of Pennell's resolute and versatile talent. Such sheets as numbers one, twenty-two, and twenty-three represent quite at its best his extraordinary gift for selections, simplification, and forthright execution. As a whole the series is slighter than most of Pennell's work, consisting of intimate, personal notes, made probably without thought of publication. For this reason collectors of Pennell's work will wish to add this volume to their standard Pennells in etching, lithography, and book illustration. It speaks for an element of free invention in the present sketches that wherever there is a real light on a boat it is on the wrong side of the bridge.

Drama

THE SONG OF DRUMS. A Heroic Comedy in a Prologue and Three Acts by ASHLEY DUKES. Doran. 1927. $1.25.

It is on Charles de Coster's "Legende d'Ulenspiegel" that Ashley Dukes has based "The Song of Drums," taking as his hero this legendary figure of the Low Countries and placing him, as de Coster did, in a Netherlands suffering from the Spanish Inquisition. The result is a comedy that, while it is hardly "heroic," does catch something of the beauty of far-flung romance. Peopled with such honest folk as Nicholas and Moll, Tyl Ulenspiegel's parents, and Kathalene, the sorceress mid-wife, and enlivened by such genuinely comic characters as Lamme and Calleken, it tells a simple story in crystalline prose and achieves some of the picaresque charm of the epic form. Especially in Nele, the mid-wife's daughter, and in Tyl, that half-elfin hero whose tale it sings, "The Song of Drums" reaches distinction in the elusive field of romance. The sense of struggle that it needs to hold its interest, of liberalism pitted against oppression and of rebellion in the act of being, is provided in William of Orange, the good natured "cloak and sword" Count of the play, who is mustering the forces of the Low Countries against the tyranny of Spain. Rather regrettably Mr. Dukes has not always heightened and tightened his story for its fullest dramatic effect. Its plotting, for example, while purposely uncomplicated, is not resourceful enough to carry the beautiful and simple directness of the dialogue. And the second act, in particular, suffers from a dull discursiveness and fairly aches for a blue pencil.

Fiction

SECURITY. By ESME WYNNE-TYSON. Doran. 1927. $2.

This book is to be recommended to those who cling tenaciously to the idea of security, the home, the family tradition, etc. Not that it will wean them from their ideas, it has no such intention. Miss Wynne-Tyson gives an interesting picture of the woman who wields the sceptre in her home. Jane Mapleston is a successful home builder, gracious matriarch, and subtle social climber. She is the woman who chooses security as against the independence of a career. Contrasted with Aline, the famous modiste of Sorella *et cie*, she works just as hard to keep her security as the other woman to maintain her place in the business world. There is a clash between these two which is very real and very primitive. The author has chosen a good subject and she has made it good reading.

BLIND MAN. By REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN. Duffield. 1927. $2.

Villains on an island that is difficult of access, two innocent victims from the outside world, a crippled child and a stupid hulk of a woman—these are the characters in Mr. Kauffman's latest mystery yarn. The plot concerns a kidnapping and its sequel after twenty years; the solution only comes when the State Police suddenly give chase to the criminals, and when an entirely unconvincing storm finishes the work of the troopers.

"Blind Man" will give some satisfaction to the reader who wants his mystery stories fast and slight. Although the ending is positively silly, the rest is not too bad for intellectual comfort. Probably the best thing about the book is the setting—island, house, river, and crude drawbridge; but even these would have been more vivid had a diagram been supplied. Maps and diagrams help this type of story more than authors are apt to realize.

THE TALK OF THE TOWN. By LYNN MONTROSS and LOIS SEYSTER MONTROSS. Harper. 1927. $2.

Lynn and Lois Montross have written neither witty froth nor a well sustained narrative. Evidently a medium-weight social satire was intended, a satire carrying the suggestion that both Gramercy Park and Macdougal Street may be rather ridiculous. Occasionally "The Talk of the Town" seems sophisticated; at other times it just misses being profitably acute. Its great chance is lost when the collaborators neglect Nettie Armitage and her triumphant sentimentality; Nettie's dilemma was a real idea, but, to the reader's irritation, it is never developed.

An appendix contains several pointless parodies of contemporary journalists.

A VIRGIN OF YESTERDAY. By DOROTHY SPEARE. Doran. 1927. $2.

Unchivalrous as it may be to call attention to the fact, Miss Speare seems to have no particular qualifications as a novelist. Her "Dancers in the Dark," published several seasons ago, caused a little flutter, chiefly because it was a "flaming youth" eruption. But now we must believe that she has little to say about the things that she has seen and experienced, little, that is, worth saying. "A Virgin of Yesterday" is at best shallow and uninspired. Probably it contains enough talk of love and liquor to please the novel-guzzling *illiterati*, however; and certainly the title, bearing little relation to the plot, is fair bait for a certain class of readers. The narrative deals with two sisters, one a singer and one a pianist, and tells of their trial and error method in gaining husbands. The quality of Miss Speare's style should be recorded: it is inflated and often unintentionally humorous.

THE HOOP. By J. C. SNAITH. Appleton. 1927. $2.50.

"The Hoop" is one of those light pasties that the English are supposed to concoct better than we. Sometimes they do. This time they did not. The ingredients had possibilities. A middle-class girl inherits an extraordinary voice from a problematical Spanish ancestor, a certain station in life from a mother who is almost County, and from a father who is not quite a gentleman impossible manners and a violent temper. Her acquired characteristics include the capacity to express herself in the language of a bar-maid under the influence of gin. What happens when such a girl leaves home, studies abroad, and eventually becomes the greatest operatic soprano in the world? Well, Mr. Snaith—who can do much better—has tried to tell us between many wearisome jibes at British snobbery and ladies who pay their doctors for the privilege of being invalids. Most of it is heavy fun and none of it is good romance. The rasping repetitions, belabored points, and silly nicknames will pall on any but the most insensitive palates. As for the moth-eaten slang and wisecracks, no self-respecting American humorist would be caught trying to pawn them off on his grandmother.

WHIN FELL. By PAMELA HAMILTON. Longmans, Green. 1927. $2.50.

It is difficult to appreciate Pamela Hamilton's efforts to educate us. She follows her heroine through various conventional stages of intellectual and emotional development, from adolescence to maturity. For a novel to do that is of course perfectly proper, but when in addition we are given sermons on friendship, inspirational discourses on the Facts of Life, and vast passages that demonstrate the obvious, we rebel. We cannot deny that she writes with a kind of active determination, or that she has put forth a great deal of conscientious effort. But so much is not enough.

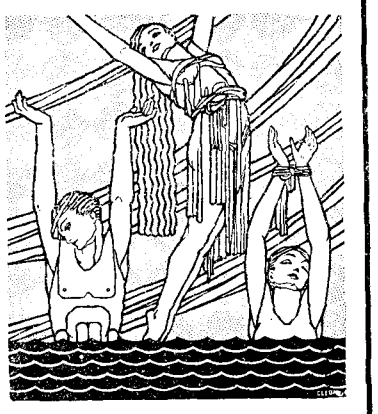
Miscellaneous

THE MODERN ENGLISH GARDEN. Scribners. 1927. $8.50.

This is a handsome book, consisting of a large number of excellent plates illustrative of different types of gardens each one chosen for its emphasis on some particular arrangement, and all of them preceded by a brief but succinct account of the main features to be borne in mind in laying out both large and small gardens. Though many of the pictures are of gardens of much pretentiousness, all of them represent only such as have at least certain portions that can be adapted to a more modest scheme. The captions under the pictures are useful notes upon them.

(*Continued on next page*)

"For those who are prepared to dive, unafraid and open-eyed, there are strange and lovely things to be seen."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

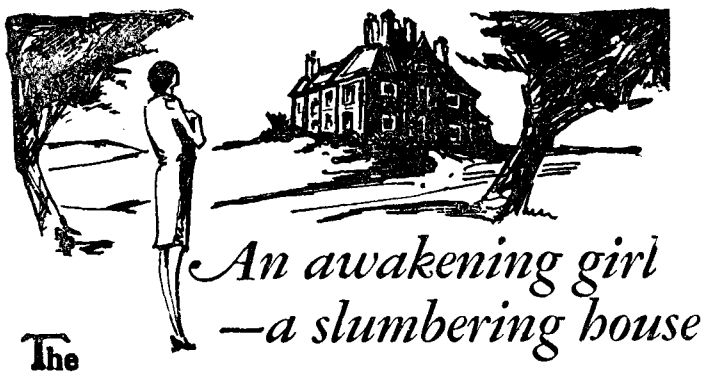


Blue Voyage

By Conrad Aiken

$2.50 at all bookstores *Scribners*

By the Author of THIS DAY'S MADNESS



An awakening girl —a slumbering house

The

HouseMade With Hands

An acute and delicate portrait of a girl's heart and mind; a novel of charm, grace and sensitiveness; marked by the same maturity, the same strange intensity, the same uncanny insight that distinguished the author's other books.

By the Author of MISS TIVERTON GOES OUT

[$2.50 all stores ~ BOBBS-MERRILL]

ON SEPTEMBER 1ST HARPER & BROTHERS WILL PUBLISH

GALLIONS REACH *by* H. M. TOMLINSON

"I exist in a state of excited suspense," says ARNOLD BENNETT . . . .

"waiting, in hope and in apprehension, for 'GALLIONS REACH,' the first novel of H. M. TOMLINSON. TOMLINSON, as some have been for years aware, is a great prose writer. He is, to use a convenient description, an English Conrad. I have been hearing about this novel for a long time, and at last I hear that it is being printed. It is certain to contain exceedingly fine work." *Watch next week for what* FRANK SWINNERTON *says of this coming great novel of the sea and the jungle.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Do You Remember?

DO you remember the old tally of your youth? Rich man, poor man, beggar man,—no, not beggar man or thief, for certainly none are to be found among readers of the *Saturday Review*—doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief? So it ran. We repeat it here, for surely with the two exceptions noted, among our subscribers are members of every category. And we wish to remind them that as in the past we have run articles of special interest to them so in the future shall we furnish them others of equal pertinence.

* * *

Do you remember—we seem to have fallen into the questioning vein—that study of one of America's richest men, Henry Ford, by Rexford G. Tugwell, Dr. Streeter's review of "The Evolution of Anatomy," and Major-General Bullard's article on "Soldiers and Statesmen"? Or perhaps you recall Ray Morris's comment on a book which set financial New York by the ears, Ripley's "Main Street and Wall Street," and Fabian Franklin's penetrating examination into certain aspects of the prohibition problem entitled "The Law's Authority"?

* * *

Rich man, doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief—there you have them all but the beggar man and the thief—and, well, yes, the poor man. But then there are no poor men so long as there are books to read. Don't you remember—again the question—how Gibbon said "My early and invincible love of reading. . . . I would not exchange for the treasures of India?"

* * *

Well, if you would garner wealth from books, you need a guide to their selection. That is the function of the *Saturday Review of Literature.*

* * *

How does your subscription to it stand? Have you already renewed it or would this coupon save you the trouble of writing?

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE
25 West 45th St., N.Y.C.

Gentlemen: For the inclosed $6 I wish you to extend for two years the subscription of:

_____

_____

_____

One year, $3.50. Other rates on fourth page of any issue.

The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE LURE OF THE GREAT SMOKIES. By ROBERT L. MASON. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $4.50.

Lovers of the mountains will be interested in this volume which describes at considerable length and with much specific detail that stretch of untamed wilderness on the boundary line between Tennessee and North Carolina which boasts several peaks higher than Mount Washington. Abrupt slopes, gigantic ravines, huge rock masses, trees and shrubs in great profusion, characterize the Great Smokies whose fastnesses have operated not only to shelter a varied wild life but to retain the frontiersmanlike quality of the settlers of the region. Here if anywhere is to be found the simonpure American, a type hardy, upstanding, and sturdily individualistic. The flavor of his racy speech is conveyed by Mr. Mason in the numerous conversations he chronicles—backwoodsmen's narratives with plenty of reminiscence and comment to give them piquancy. Included in this volume, too, are some of the tales of the Indians of the region as well as the account of certain episodes in the Government activity against the moonshiners of the district.

THE MYSTERY AND LURE OF PERFUME. By C. J. S. THOMPSON. Lippincott. 1927.

Mr. Thompson's unassuming book—it does not purport to be for the specialist—contains a deal of interesting material. Ever since the first known recipe for perfume passed into literature with the words of Exodus: "And the Lord said unto Moses, Take unto thee sweet spices, stacte and onycha, and galbanum; these sweet spices with pure frankincense: of each shall there be a like weight; and thou shalt make it a perfume, a confection after the art of the apothecary, tempered together, pure and holy," ever since that time literature has fairly been saturated with perfume. Mr. Thompson takes due notice of that fact but his concern is not so much with allusion to it as with its use in all times and places.

The ancients had an extensive knowledge of aromatic gums, and early contrived methods of distilling the fragrance of flowers. The Greeks, indeed, developed its use into a virtual science, decreeing the particular unguent that was to be applied to any given part of the anatomy. Originally regarded as an offering to the gods, incense and perfume in all the lands of antiquity came rapidly to be applied to personal uses. Mr. Thompson takes up in turn this history in the various countries of the Orient and Europe, bringing his survey down to date by supplying a chapter on synthetic perfumes. His book contains much fascinating detail, and should interest anyone to whom the origin and continuity of customs makes appeal.

LOVE'S COMING OF AGE. By *Edward Carpenter.* Vanguard Press. 50 cents.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF NUTRITION. By *Mary Swartz Rose.* Macmillan.

THE RISE OF AMERICAN COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY. By *S. E. Forman.* Century. $2.

EARLY AMERICAN TRADE CARDS. With notes by *Adele Jenny.* Rudge. $15.

PUBLICITY METHODS FOR LIFE UNDERWRITERS. By *Arthur H. Reddall.* Crofts.

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP. By *Frederick A. Cleveland.* Ronald Press. $4.

Pamphlets

SOME ASPECTS OF RICHARD EDWARDS' "DAMON AND PYTHIAS." By *Laurens Joseph Mills.* University of Indiana. 25 cents.

JONAH AND HIS CREDENTIALS. By *A. Murray.* Published by the author. 10 cents.

BEETHOVEN DEAF AND OTHER POEMS. By *Alec Brown.* Dial.

LOVE LYRICS. By *Pauline Ireless Love.*

THE STUDY OF AMERICAN ENGLISH. By *W. A. Craigie.* Oxford University Press.

D. H. LAWRENCE. By *Richard Aldington.* University of Washington.

GREEK ÆSTHETICS. By *Claude C. H. Williamson.* 50 cents.

NATURE LORE IN CAMP. By *W. Ryland Boorman.* Little Loose-Leaf Library. 50 cents.

Philosophy

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PRIEST AND A DYING MAN. By MARQUIS DE SADE. Chicago: Covici. 1927.

Here is De Sade the philosopher excavated from an unpublished manuscript edited with an introduction and notes by Maurice Heine and translated by Samuel Putnam. The book itself is the work of the Cuneo Press with typography by Douglas C. McMurtrie. There are 650 numbered copies only on French hand-made paper. The type has been distributed. The book is a pleasing one to the eye. De Sade was an absolutist. He followed his thought to the extreme limit of its logical consequences. He finally died in the Charenton lunatic asylum and his name has become almost synonymous with cruelty. This brief dialogue is light and mocking. It contains the gist of the atheistical argument of today, whose exemplars do not otherwise imitate De Sade. It is interesting to read. It has a certain nobility.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PERSONALISM. By *Albert C. Knudson.* Abingdon Press. $3.50.

Poetry

THE OXFORD BOOK OF EIGHTEENTH CENTURY VERSE. Chosen by DAVID NICHOL SMITH. Oxford University Press. 1927. $3.75.

LYRICS FROM THE OLD SONG BOOKS. Collected and Edited by EDMONSTOUNE DUNCAN. Harcourt. 1927. $4.

These two treasuries suggest interesting comparisons. Mr. David Nichol Smith has truly realized the range of eighteenth century verse, and, in a sense, his anthology is a revelation. The journey from Matthew Prior to Coleridge and Canning takes in such varied spirits on the way as Swift, Pope, Gay, Christopher Smart, Gray, Collins, James Thomson, Goldsmith, Chatterton, Ferguson, Cowper, Crabbe, Blake, and Burns. What spirit, then, animates the whole composed of such various parts, what is the tie that binds? Well, Mr. Smith tells us at the outset that "this book takes 'the eigghteenth century" in its simplest meaning, and endeavors to represent the poetry that was written in this country (England) during the hundred years from 1700 to 1800," which is as good as any basis upon which to proceed. "It happens to cover," he goes on, "the period from the death of Dryden to the death of Cowper, but neither births nor deaths of poets, nor poetical fashions and reputations have fixed its limits; nor has it been made with the purpose of illustrating any particular view of what this period stands for in the history of our literature." "But the book," he wisely adds, "cannot be so easily rounded in its conclusion. With the publication of "Lyrical Ballads" in September, 1798 the flood-gates are opened. It has therefore been thought best to omit "The Ancient Mariner" and "Tintern Abbey," though these are both eighteenth century poems." Incidently, here we encounter a queer contradiction, in that the first poem of Coleridge's quoted in "Eighteenth Century Verse" is "Songs of the Pixies," while it is "Lyrics from the Old Song Books" that includes "Kubla Khan" (which was, however, we see, set for male voices by Granville Bantock).

The arrangement of Mr. Smith's anthology is mainly chronological, the authors being placed "by the central date in their career, or by the date of their most important work." Notes appended to the poems, as to date, serve to check up the chronology. As to the spirit of this diverse poetry, Mr. Smith speaks wisely of the necessity of doing away with popular catchwords in any attempted appraisal of the poetry of the eighteenth century. Indeed, his offering shows us a many-sided period which certainly may not be summed up in one epigrammatic statement or a dozen. Various tendencies, various reminiscences and anticipations manifest themselves side by side.

The Lyrics of Mr. Duncan's collection nearly all have settings. "Love-ditty, pastoral, merry ballad, or mere catch—they all go to some pleasant or characteristic tune." Old England's Roast Beef does not seem to be in favor with him, for, though with Mr. Smith, we find both Fielding's and Leveridge's versions, his book presents neither. Another small matter shocked us. On the second page is "Western Wind," words and music from the Royal Mss. 58, an early sixteenth century quarto in the British Museum. But what is this! The last two lines read,

O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
For I of my life am weary

rather than

Christ! that my love were in my arms
And I in my bed again

the latter version being what makes the mere song true poetry.

To almost every one of Mr. Duncan's selections is appended a note giving information as to the setting, with dates. We run the gamut of John Dowland, Shakespeare, Campion, Ben Jonson, other Elizabethans, Herrick, Carew, Lawes, down to Dibdin, Chatterton, Blake, and plenty of Burns. Then we have Wordsworth, Scott, Coleridge, Southey, Campbell, and, naturally, a great deal of Thomas Moore. From Byron and Shelley there are not a few songs. Keats's "Ode to Autumn" we find was set as a four-part female chorus, and his "Ode to a Nightingale" for baritone voice and piano. "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" has been made a song of. Beddoes, of course, is essentially tuneful. And at the end of the book we come upon an American contribution, Longfellow's "Stars of the Summer Night," "A Psalm of Life," and "Onaway! Awake, Beloved!" Poe's "Annabel Lee," and, after some Tennyson and Browning, Allingham, Adelaide Procter, the Rossettis, Thomson, and Morris,—last song in the book comes Bret Harte's "The Reveille" (or "The Drum"), set by Sir Edward Elgar as a part-song, though a new setting is also noted by Edward Lucas.

Lovers of a fine winnowing of English poetry and song will appreciate both these books and wish to possess them.

LITTLE PORTRAITS. By LEONARD DARWIN. Baltimore: The Adolescent Association Pamphlets. 1927. 50c.

These are slight and evanescent impressions, evidently by a beginner, and not to be judged too harshly. He is sounding a few notes tentatively.

THE TRAVELER AND OTHER POEMS. By IRIS TREE. Boni & Liveright. 1927. $2.

Miss Tree is the daughter of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, has acted a great deal, and has recently played the leading part in Max Reinhardt's "The Miracle." Her first book of poems was published in 1919. This is, presumably, her second. There is not the slightest doubt that Miss Tree possesses a remarkable poetic talent. Her phrase often flashes like an electric spark, her cadences are often beautiful. She sings usually of disenchantment, "forlorn sounds disenchanted" as she speaks of them. . . .

we grow no stem
Erect out of deep roots, but creeping vines
With the blind-fingered clutching of their tendrils,
With fruitless blossoms dangling in the shade
Of upright forces, looping them with questions.

She is loosed, as she says, into "shimmering illusions," and travels "blind from instinct to fatality." She speaks of "all these complicated negatives diffusing from reactions—emptiness." Her deepest trouble is expressed in this quatrain of hers,

I have no purpose, under this or that
I run like a dog between the wheels of fate,
I have no crown nor wear a pilgrim's pate,
I take out my heart and offer it in my hat.

Yet, despite the underlying bitterness of much of this poetry, there is description of charm and glamor; beside the subjective probing of the wounds of the heart there is brilliant objective vision. Remarkable is her musing upon "The Wandering Albatross," and she sets "The Frog" in verse of an almost magical reality. "To the Body" is most delicately beautiful. The London and the Paris that she has known becomes near and intimate to us. Phrases like "Voices leaking slyly underneath a door," "Palms up in peace holding the sunlight only," "For the fidget of a cigarette," "And the wasted light sunk coughing in the grate," "Trams clamp clinching the twittering rails," "the stamp and bounce of village dances," "a small crab's crutching energy," "like a delicate scaffolding you stay outlasting in my ruins," "the night-fowl gibing, with the frogs' low thrill reiterant," "Within the whorlings of your subtle ear you Lose His voice," "Cancelling our lives in immortality," and, of the wild geese, how she "Felt my soul stiffened out in their throats," prove her title to the name of poet. We picked up the book with considerable incredulity, but we acknowledge heartily her abilities. The tone of her book is characteristic of her time. Its subjectivity is essentially feminine.

OUR AMERICA. By ALICE FAY. Putnams. 1927.

This book of poems is subtitled "A Symphony of the New World." It becomes exclamatory over many sections of America and delves into history and description. But the celebration is not poetry. It is extremely chaotic verse.

(*Continued on next page*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

H. W. O., Chapel Hill, N. C., asks for books about wanderers and hoboes, saying that books like Tully's "Jarnegan" and Harry Kemp's "Tramping on Life" may be included in this field.

JIM TULLY'S "Beggars of Life: a Hobo Autobiography" (A. & C. Boni) and "Jarnegan" have just been rounded out by "Circus Parade" (A. & C. Boni), his experiences with "Cameron's World's Greatest Combined Shows" in the Far South. Was there not once a tradition current among stay-at-homes that however loose-lived the stage might be, the life of circus families was of almost cloying respectability? Mr. Tully's notes, set down with dogged delight in gore and gorillas, burst this sweet dream: there is scarcely a respectable moment in the book. It is even less virtuous than the stage representation of such an enterprise, Kenyon Nicholson's "The Barker" (French), which has reached book-form just in time to turn an appropriate sidelight on "Circus Parade" —and as exciting an entertainment as the play. Harry Kemp's autobiography has been continued by "More Miles" (Boni & Liveright); the recast "Adventures of Johnny Walker, Tramp," published last year by Jonathan Cape, is the period in the career of W. H. Davies that comes between his "Adventures of a Super-Tramp" and "Later Days." Two small sidelights on the literature of the road are published by the A. No. 1 Press, Erie, Pa.; "From Coast to Coast with Jack London, by A. No. 1, the famous tramp," and "Mother Delcassée of the Hoboes." Nathan Kussy's "The Abyss" (Macmillan) is a novel of tramp life, and its most realistic play is Maxwell Anderson's "Outside Looking In"—(based on Jim Tully's "Beggars of Life"), unless one takes in the vast field of Russian vagabondage and includes Gorky's "Lower Depths" (Brentano). Indeed, any tramp list should include Gorky's "Through Russia" (Everyman's), and "In the World" (Century).

Glen Hawthorne Mullin, in "The Adventures of a Scholar Tramp" (Century), gives sociologists something to chew on and the general reader an idea of tramp life in America as it impressed a man of education and a good mixer. "Tramping with a Poet in the Rockies," by Stephen Graham (Appleton), is not in the hobo class; it is the companion-piece to Vachel Lindsay's "Going to the Sun" (Appleton), and belongs with books of voluntary and short-term vagabonding, like Vachel Lindsay's "Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty," and "Handbook for Beggars" (Macmillan).

"The Hobo: the Sociology of the Homeless Man," by Nels Anderson (University of Chicago), describes the life of homeless men and migratory workers in and around Chicago, their camps and jungles, restaurants and stores, ways of travel and reasons for leaving home, occupations, health conditions and even songs, on which there is a section that will interest collectors. A new edition of the book has just been published. "Why There Are Vagrants," by F. C. Lanbach (Columbia) is based on an examination of one hundred men. Other books like this are listed in "Vagrancy," a bibliography published by the Russell Sage Foundation in 1925. Considering the subjects historically, two recent books make delightfully discursive reading: "English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages," a long-admired work by J. J. Jusserand, has appeared in a new edition (Methuen), and for early America there is Richardson Wright's "Hawkers and Walkers" (Lippincott), illustrated with sixty-eight old prints and telling stories of peddlers, preachers, doctors, actors, river men, vendors, and other American itinerants. "The Tramping Methodists," an early novel by Sheila Kaye-Smith (Dutton), is accurate enough in detail to be added to the historical section.

For the technique of tramping for pleasure Stephen Graham's "The Gentle Art of Tramping" (Appleton) is the most comprehensive guide; it is based on experience literally world-wide and shows this in its reflections as well as its instructions. A part of the invaluable "Camping and Woodcraft," by Horace Kephart (Macmillan), is given to tramping. The smallest book on the subject is also one of the most practical: "Tramping and Trailing with the Girl Scouts" (Girl Scouts, Inc.). This is a pamphlet that weighs scarcely anything but gives all information needed for organizing and conducting group expeditions, with sections on food, shelter, first-aid, packs and fires, sanitation, songs, and impromptu entertainments. There is even an excellent selection of poetry-books for a camp library (beginning with that best of outdoor anthologies, "The Gypsy Trail" [Kennerley]), and a few sources for story-telling. I am glad to see among these the junior Everyman's known as "The King's Treasuries;" these combine small size and light weight with large type and are especially good for reading aloud. The titles range among the classics.

THE inquirer lately looking for torture-books will find a chapter devoted to the use of torture in legal proceedings in the Middle Ages, in "The Old Yellow Book," by John Marshall Gest, Judge of the Orphan's Court, Philadelphia (University of Pennsylvania). This is a complete new translation, differing in some important details from those hitherto made, of the collection of documents concerning a mediæval murder-case that was the source of Robert Browning's "The Ring and the Book," and indirectly the inspiration of the play "Caponsacchi," drawn from it to the greater glory of Walter Hampden. There is a curious charm, even to the casual reader who may chance to begin this fat volume, in the coils and repetitions of this ancient law-report, going after its facts first from one direction, then from another: I recommend it to Edmund Lester Pearson, who has no doubt already ordered it from the advance notices. But Judge Gest has his doubts about Pompilia. . . .

The mass of Browning literature has a new addition so modern in spirit that one is somewhat surprised to find it so little iconoclastic: "One Word More on Browning," by Frances Theresa Russell (Stanford University Press). This is a series of revaluations in relation to the life of today and its forms of expression in literature. I know of no book of equal scholarship so likely to induce an interest in a beginner in the poetry of Browning: I am especially grateful for a chapter on "his saving grace of pessimism," because it may change the ideas of those who know this poet by one line alone not only on the poet, but on the nature of pessimism. The feature of this book that makes it indispensable for library equipment is as good a bibliography as any student could wish: not too bulky for steady use, provided with brief but sufficient comment, and divided to make reference most easy.

Returning to tortures, the subject is discussed at length in Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain" (Knopf)—but then so is almost everything else.

J. H. F., Lake Charles, La., finds that the books on psychology that have come his way are too advanced for him; what is a good introduction to the subject?

MARY WHITON CALKINS'S "First Book in Psychology" (Macmillan) is so well-adapted to its purpose—the introduction of the subject to adults intelligent but uninformed on these matters—that it is no wonder it is generally advised as a beginner's book.

The inquirer who desires to discover the various lines of approach before he allies himself to a particular school may find material for information in Isaac Madison Bentley's "The Field of Psychology" (Appleton), a survey of individual, social, and genetic experience. Everett Dean Martin's "Psychology: What it Has to Teach You About Yourself and Your World" (People's Institute) was first given in lecture-form and retains a quality of speech that makes it attractive to beginners, while it is trustworthy for students.

P. E. T., Cazadero, Cal., asks for books on the habits of snakes, especially rattlers, in the West.

"THE REPTILE BOOK," by Raymond Ditmars (Doubleday, Page), is a large and well-illustrated book in the "Nature Library" familiar to many readers; it has pictures in color and photographs. The same authority's "Reptiles of the World," another large volume, is published by Macmillan. One of the recent publications for the University of Michigan by Macmillan is a small but complete "Key to the Snakes of the United States, Canada, and Lower California." Somehow I cannot accustom my mind to the idea of a key to a snake. The publications of the California Academy of Sciences, San Francisco, will be useful to this inquirer; they have included several monographs on snakes in their published proceedings. The Smithsonian Institute's publications include some that may be useful.

D. F., San Francisco, Cal., asks for a practical book on concentration and methods of study, for one who has been away from school for a number of years and is planning to conduct a class of young employees of financial institutions.

THE most recent and so far as I can find the most thorough-going work of this kind is "Learning How to Study and Work Effectively," by William Frederick Book (Ginn). It is meant for first-year college classes learning how to study, for group reading by teachers or others, or for anyone wishing to make the best of his abilities in the time at his command. It is in five parts, developing the subject from its physiological and psychological basis to the performance of specific tasks by the application of general principles, making a book of over 400 pages.

A club in Sacramento, Cal., has been reading "The Life and Times of Rodrigo Borgia," by Arnold H. Matthew (Brentano) and has been thereby inspired to continue the study of Borgia family history for the coming season.

RAFAEL SABATINI, whose "Banner of the Bull" (Houghton Mifflin) is a popular novel for this period, has made a serious contribution to historical biography in his "The Life of Cesare Borgia" (Houghton Mifflin). His play "The Tyrant" (Hutchinson) is based on the same career. Arthur Symon's play "Cesare Borgia" (Brentano) is in the same volume with his "Iseult of Brittany" and "The Toy Cart," and there is a play, "Cesare Borgia," by Claude Radcliffe (French). Count Gobineau's "The Renaissance" (Putnams), is made up of five historic scenes centering on as many famous men: Savonarola, Cesare Borgia, Jules II, Leo X, and Michael Angelo; his "The Golden Flower" (Putnams) contains the essays written as prefaces to these scenes. In Mrs. Leyal's "The Magic of Herbs" (Harcourt, Brace), lately described here, there is some reference to the poison-making of Lucretia Borgia. A play, "Lucrezia Borgia," by Sydney Salsberg (Dorrance), has been lately published: Gregorovius's "Lucretia Borgia, According to Documents of Her Day" (Appleton), is out of print, and so are the biographies of Cesare Borgia by J. L. Garner (McBride), and W. H. Woodward (Dutton), Fyvie's "Story of the Borgias" (Putnams), and Justin McCarthy's novel, "The Gorgeous Borgias" (Harpers). Joseph McCabe's novel, "The Pope's Favorite" (Dodd, Mead) deals with the Borgia family, and Alexandre Dumas's "The Borgias" is one of the chapters of "The Book of the Rogue," compiled by J. L. French (Boni & Liveright). To round off this collection it must be noted that the Universal Knowledge Foundation, 119 East 57th Street, N. Y., publishes in five volumes the "Material for a History of Pope Alexander VI," by Mgr. P. Van Roo.

The New Books

Poetry

(*Continued from preceding page*)

SELECTED LYRICS OF AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR. Doran. 1927. $2.

Miss Burr has for years been an accomplished poet of the periodicals and has published a number of books. In the present one she has selected from her many lyrics and has presented a tithe of her work in attractive form. Miss Burr's method is simple and direct. Her more fervid and subtle love poems are not to be found here. The opening poems of this volume are from an elder and wiser point of view, or so it would seem. "A Lynmouth Widow" is a good example of her direct treatment of love and sorrow. "God's Challenge" is vigorous. "Surrender" has a certain inevitability in the phrasing, and is psychologically true. There are poems concerning England and other places, there are gypsying songs and songs of the common way. "The Wedding Journey" concerns an age-old situation but has charm and pathos. The sonnets "Unpunished?" and "The Price" are psychologically interesting. "The Mother of Judas" is originally conceived. "Songs of a Child," however, have no great originality, and "Songs of Nature," though "The Clothes Line" is entertaining (and hardly Nature), are merely gently sentimental, on the whole. But "Magdalen to Christ" has nobility; "A Song of Living" has courage. The qualities of her nature manifest in Miss Burr's poems are admirable, but her method of writing is hardly remarkable. Triteness and flatness of statement are not altogether alien to her verse. She remains a workmanlike but a distinctly minor poet.

CHOSEN POEMS. By DOUGLAS AINSLIE. Holliday Bookshop: 49 East 49th Street. 1926.

Mr. Ainslie's book bears a preface by Gilbert K. Chesterton who calls attention to his "variety of scenes and settings and sources of cultural inspiration." Mr. Ainslie is a friend of Croce's and has a decided preference for the Italian scene. He can also translate from the Sanskrit, however, and write of China or Greece. We like his "Sea Eagle," and the playful verse upon the word "The" is unusually well turned for a thing so slight. He also writes well on Venetia Digby and can handle a Scots ballad, as indeed he should be able to. The stately and courtly Sapphics tendered to the Duchess of Marlborough have an antique grace. In general Mr. Ainslie strikes us as a cultivated gentleman whose poetry bears the stamp both of scholarship and enthusiasm for the great traditions. He is also, as Mr. Chesterton says, a citizen of the world and yet a thoroughly native Scot.

FAGOTS OF CEDAR. By IVAN SWIFT. Bookfellow Edition. Goodhart, Michigan: Chippewa Cove Woods. 1926. $3.

We are late in reviewing Mr. Swift's book of poems because it demands a carefuller reading than most. "The Blue Crane" is a beautiful poem in free verse. "Retrenchment," for its depth of feeling guarded in the expression, is another. There are lumberjack songs and love songs. When Mr. Swift waxes very colloquial he is apt to mar his poems with too much swagger and too many italicized words. But there is gusto to the "Song of the Cedar-Maker," "The Way of the North" is dramatically etched, some of the verses in "On the North-Bound Train" are vivid, and, perhaps "I Take the Slashing Yet" is the most successful of all his poems in vernacular. Then we have "The Portrait," in free verse, de-

(*Continued on next page*)

STOKES BOOKS STOKES BOOKS

"Of all the young American novelists, pre-eminently the best and most vital,"
Says John Carter, in the *N. Y. Times* of

LOUIS BROMFIELD
Pulitzer Prize Winner, whose new novel

A GOOD WOMAN

is being greeted with warm enthusiasm. *Herschel Brickell, N. Y. Evening Post,* says: "It is renewed evidence of the strongest kind that in Louis Bromfield we have one of the best and at the same time one of the most promising novelists writing English today." *At all bookshops,* $2.50

443 4th Ave. **FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY** New York

STOKES BOOKS STOKES BOOKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers . 37 West 57th Street . *New York*
PUBLISHED HERE EVERY SATURDAY

On a week-end jaunt through the Westchester hills last October, *The Inner Sanctum* began secret and patient Negotiations and Arrangements on An Editorial Project of the First Magnitude . . . Today it can be told:

In alliance with *The Forum* magazine, SIMON AND SCHUSTER have the honor of announcing the establishment of the FRANCIS BACON AWARD for the HUMANIZATION OF KNOWLEDGE. A Prize of $7,500 in cash and a gold medal will be presented to the author of that new work which, in PROFESSOR JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON'S now historic phrase, "carries on the conscious adventure of humanizing knowledge."

The award is named after FRANCIS BACON as a tribute to his daring and monumental achievement in taking "all knowledge for his province."

SIMON AND SCHUSTER will publish the winning book and *The Forum* magazine will serialize it.

The terms of the award are broad enough to embrace virtually any distinguished non-fiction work. Briefly, the aim of the prize is to encourage and reward both new authors and established writers, who can organize and clarify specialized knowledge in any interesting and significant field—be it biography, music, art, philosophy, psychology, astronomy, history or any of the other arts and sciences.

The Inner Sanctum respectfully submits that had the FRANCIS BACON AWARD been established several years ago, and had the manuscripts been offered in competition, the following would undoubtedly have won the accolade:

The Outline of History by H. G. WELLS
Creative Chemistry by E. E. SLOSSON
The Mind in the Making by JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON
The Story of Philosophy by WILL DURANT
Why We Behave Like Human Beings by GEORGE A. DORSEY
The Story of Mankind by HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON
Queen Victoria by LYTTON STRACHEY
Our Times—The Turn of the Century by MARK SULLIVAN
Microbe Hunters by PAUL DE KRUIF
The Decline of the West by O. SPENGLER
The Travel Diary of a Philosopher by COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING

The JURY OF AWARD for the FRANCIS BACON prize includes:

DR. GEORGE A. DORSEY, author of *Why We Behave Like Human Beings*
DR. WILL DURANT, author of *The Story of Philosophy*
DR. HENRY GODDARD LEACH, editor of *The Forum* Magazine
DR. EDWIN E. SLOSSON, Director of Science Service and author of *Creative Chemistry*
DR. HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON, author of *The Story of Mankind*

Associated with these eminent judges will be an equally distinguished council of specialists, including:

DR. JAMES HENRY BREASTED, orientalist, of the University of Chicago
DR. EDWARD GRANT CONKLIN, zoologist, of Princeton University
DR. JOHN DEWEY, philosopher, of Columbia University
DR. VERNON L. KELLOGG, Director of the National Research Council
PROFESSOR FRANK JEWETT MATHER, art critic, of Princeton
DR. HARLOW SHAPLEY, astronomer, of Harvard University
PROFESSOR WILLIAM MORTON WHEELER, entomologist of Harvard University
DR. HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN, President of the American Museum of Natural History.

Full details regarding THE FRANCIS BACON AWARD may be had by writing directly to *The Inner Sanctum*.

At the same time, inquiring readers of *The Inner Sanctum* may also ask for the 1927 Fall catalogue of SIMON AND SCHUSTER, which has just come from the press today . . . It contains the first announcements of the forthcoming books by ARTHUR SCHNITZLER, FRANZ WERFEL, WILL DURANT, HALDANE MACFALL, ISAAC GOLDBERG, SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF, and—what an illustrious year for our contract department!—PLATO AND ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER. There are important books by new writers, too.

—ESSANDESS

EARN PROMOTION AND COLLEGE CREDIT
through the
HOME-STUDY COURSES
in 40 different subjects given by
The University of Chicago
249 Ellis Hall, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

The Phoenix Nest

I MIGHT as well introduce myself at once. My name is *O'Reilley*, and I am an office-desk mouse and have been for some time. I got my name from a man I used to work for who was then on the city desk of the *Evening*—well, he might not like it if I gave away the name of his paper. . . .

I decided several years ago to move in higher circles. I had got pretty low at one time. At one time I worked my way through most of the desks of the editors of the Tabloids, and,—my *dear!* . . . but that's all behind me now. Everyone has to have some sort of a past. I have been really cultivating myself of late years. I have worked for the *Literary Digest*, where the name attracted me. But I can't say that I think it's the correct name for that periodical. The kind of coated paper they use is awfully indigestible. I was brought up on newsprint, and like it. But on the *Literary Digest* I got such constantly *heavy* meals, that I used to sleep most of the time. And that isn't the way a working mouse must do if he is going to bring home the bacon for his family. . . .

What do I bring home? Oh, odds and ends I find. It's enough to keep the family going. I never take home chewing gum. There are always odds and ends of chocolate around, there are crumbs of sandwiches. Bottles I can't handle. They're too big and too heavy, and besides, all my family have gone strongly Prohibition since I nosed into an open flask last year and came home quite empty-handed and hilarious. On these high-class periodicals, however, like the *Saturday Review* and the fine old long-established *Police Gazette*, you don't run into so much of that—bottles I mean. Life-Savers one finds a good many of. Stenographers' desks are, of course, the main sources of income. This guy I'm working for now, because he's on vacation, he's a Phoenix, or something, but I must say he doesn't seem to be so open-handed as some of the Elks and Woodmen of the World and Rotarians and Kiwanis members I have worked for in my time. I guess it either isn't very much of an order or else he isn't very high up in it. . . .

Still, at one time, about six months back, he used to buy those disks of Peter's milk chocolate and keep the container open in his right-hand upper desk drawer and then forget all about it. And it's very filling. And we made a new crib for the baby out of the container. So one night late when he was sitting up here all alone sort of moaning and saying, "Oh, these damn Nests! Oh, these damn Nests!" I got jerry to what was on his mind. He had to have a lot of them written in advance before he could go on his vacation. So,—well, the week before he had laid in a new supply of that chocolate and then forgotten all about it, so I said to myself, "Don't worry, old gink, I'll help you out while you're gone." And after he was gone that night I sat up at his machine and began to try my paws, and the first thing you know I had typed him this:

MIsteR pheenix AL! rite dont WOxyzRRy ?&%$ I ile do your jobe wile YOOR way sineD
O'ReillEy

I kept a carbon of the note, and you can see how I have improved. I've been all through the Oxford pocket dictionary he had since, for one thing. I nearly got a cute indigestion over some of it, but I think I now show my mastery of English, to say nothing of grammar and punctuation. Well, anyway, the next day, the Old Man left a note for me when he cleared out of here in the evening, and it said:

I don't know who you are, O'Reilley. Do you clean windows? In any case, if you have any time off to do an extra Nest or two after office hours, here's a box of cigars. I'm leaving tomorrow. A thousand blessings on you.
THE PHOENICIAN.

Well, hoping he would come in the next days, even if he was leaving, and because that box of cigars was too heavy for me to negotiate (Oxford Dictionary), I typed out a snappy *rejoinder* (Oxford Dictionary) right there. I said:

doWnt smoak beside it IS# the box I mene TwO hevy bUT meny thankz you sEe I dow? ;.nt clean WINdoWs x i am a moose BUt wil DO it ennyway? OW about sum CHEez?

Well, he put a last reply on his desk, which I must say rather hurt my feelings at the time, but now I see it was all due to my spelling, because I had not been through the Oxford Dictionary at that time. He said:

A MOOSE! GOOD GOD! BUT DON'T YOU MEAN AN ELK?

Well, anyway, he's gone; so, as I say, I am going to do his column for him for a while, unless they chase me out of here. But it is all right, except the cleaning woman came in the other evening and chased me out of the typewriter with a broom, but she didn't know I had written what was in the machine, so when it got dark I crept back again and, working entirely by the touch system, which I often employ, I tore off what I thought was a pretty good little essay on literature for mice; so I am putting it in here to fill out, because it is brief, I think, and to the point:

In the first place, it is very difficult to get a mouse to read unless there is some cheese in it for him. It is not that mice are not intellectual. A mouse can figure out things pretty fast. The instincts of a mouse are pretty highly developed. And a mouse can cultivate him or herself pretty rapidly as notice how rapidly I have learned to write this pure English because I have also been into Mr. Canby's desk and have found out all about the pure English and all about the P. E. N. Club. To which latter I suppose I could not belong, unless in a parasitic (Oxford Dictionary) capacity. But there really should not be all this discrimination against us mice.

We mice are pretty downtrodden as a rule. That is we would be if we were not so spry. But we have electricity in our whiskers. And, as I say, if there is cheese in it for us we can accomplish a good deal. We will gnaw away and will gnaw away and will gnaw away while you sleep and the first thing you know when you open a desk drawer is you are in the presence of a lot of confetti which you can throw out of the window if Lindbergh is riding past in an open car.

But to return to literature for mice. We have always been kept so on the jump by those larger animals whom I scorn to mention that we have had very little time for reading. I don't remember a book of late years that we have given much attention to, except to dig ourselves in behind them when those big boobs of larger animals that think they are so smart called cats go past like elephants in the night. And they are *not* quick, *either*, which is a wrong reputation they have got, they are just big boobs whom any civilized mouse can circumvent without batting an eyelash. . . .

But to return to all about the mouse's reading and homework. I will tell you how it is. It is this way. The chances are that when a good home-keeping mouse gets home in the evening, all he wants to do, after a platter of toasted cheese, is to put on the old carpet-slippers and get out the old jimmy-pipe and close his eyes for a while in a nice little snooze until it is time to go to bed. We don't go out at night much to shows. Once in our wainscoat there were a coupla white mice put on a pretty snappy show for an evening or two, but the interest in it died down when it was discovered that they were not real white mice at all as they pretended to be, but only a coupla our own mice that had fallen into a flour barrel while making their depredations and thought they could get a bit of jack out of it by keeping it dark and themselves white. But it wore off. . . . We chased them out of our wainscoat and the last time I heard of them they were down in the Singer Building. . . .

By jack I mean cheese, because of course we have no legal tender (Oxford Dictionary), but cheese talks and they had accumulated quite a bit of old Swiss and American and even some Brie from somewhere before they were exposed. But I pick up slang awfully easy especially around such offices as this where you would be surprised to hear what slang even Mr. Canby will use sometimes when he gets excited and is talking about the Society of Pure English. . . .

So we don't read much. . . .

O'REILLEY.

Iolo A. Williams has written a volume on "The Elements of Book Collecting," which Elkin Matthews and Marrot, of London, will publish in the autumn. Chapters are included on such topics as "Modern First Editions," "The Size and Parts of a Book," and "The Formation of a Collection."

The first two volumes of the new Widecombe edition of the Dartmoor novels of Eden Phillpots, which the Macmillan Company will soon publish, will contain "Widecombe Fair" and "The Thief of Virtue." The series will be completed in twenty volumes, and will appear at the rate of two each month.

The New Books

Poetry

(*Continued from preceding page*)

scribed as seen and heard, and "My Vigil," with charm in its simplicity. Mr. Swift's work is uneven. Some of his poems make little impression. But a number of them convey the full flavor of his cedar country. He writes of the things he knows best. His merit is in musing such as this:

This house, now in the making,
Is of old timber from the beaches,
Old-weather with green hangings and a navajo
And symbols of eternal things—
No longer reckoned so.
It is a quiet place full of eloquent whispers
In summer, and cedar trees perfume the lofts.
The white birch stands a trim sentry
Against the boulder patterns,
And a blue crane is at peace with the night,
On the furthermost rock along the shore.

THE DREAM TAPESTRY. By Joseph Kling. The Unicorn Press (5 East 57th St.) 1927. $1.75.

DYMER. By CLIVE HAMILTON. Dutton. 1926. $2.

Here are what might be called two novels in verse, one as the publisher calls it, "the dream book of a sophisticate," the other the mystical dream book of a character symbolical of the human rebel. A languorous lady and a structural iron bridge appear on the jacket of the former; a gentleman, who looks as if he were juggling brass rings while wearing a union suit, on that of the latter. The gentleman is also breaking chains and cavorting in the shadow of a very purple archangel. The jackets of these books are not fortunate. Stripping off the jackets the cover of the one is a vivid egg-yellow with purple lettering and the cover of the other is purple.

But such trappings mislead us. As a matter of fact Mr. Kling displays some wisdom and knowledge of life. A few of his observations are subtle. His telling of the rather misted and fairly uninteresting story he has to tell is as if the Delphic sibyl should speak through ticker-tape. The story clicks along in extremely free verse, mixed meditation, asides and incident, even as the quotations on the ticker are mingled with other matter. The story that finally emerges is a journalistic love tragedy in terms of the phantasmagoric. The structure is so fluid that the whole thing wavers like a reflection in water; which was probably the effect designed. But the effect would only be valuable if the treatment were a matter of true art. It is not. One feels that this sort of thing would not be at all difficult to do. It is distinctly minor work, occasionally revealing a musing rather keener than the ordinary. As for "Dymer" the symbolism is to us not at all clear. Dymer was born in the Perfect City, a horrible utopia from which he quite naturally revolted. But his revolt led to a revolution for which he felt himself severely to blame, though he had merely run away, after, it must be said, murdering a lecturer. (But then there have been many lecturers we have wanted to murder!) He finds a remarkable palace, has an affair in the dark with a very real girl who afterwards turns out to be the spirit of Truth or some such thing, meets up with an old gentleman who dabbles in black art and turns out not to be a gentleman at all, finds out the cheat of dreams, goes to a graveyard and is translated into the super-solar, where he meets an angel sentinel who says he is guarding the way of spirits from a beast of despair. This turns out to be Dymer's progeny by the lady aforementioned. So Dymer takes the arms from the sentinel, indulges in combat with the beast, is killed by it, and the conquering brute becomes a winged and sworded shape towering to the skies! There the poem ends. The stanzas are often reminiscent of Masefield when they are most realistic. There is, incidentally, some good writing; but the poem as a whole does not "jell." It displays talent, but no more. The mixture of realistic detail and of wandering symbolism is not successful, the phrase never extraordinary.

THE VAGRANT OF TIME. By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1927. $2.

Mr. Roberts is a Canadian poet and a veteran. Our acquaintance with his work goes back to the days of Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey. A number of the Roberts

(*Continued on next page*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

"THE MATHER LITERATURE"

ON November 24, 1925, Thomas J. Holmes read a paper before the Rowfant Club, Cleveland, as an introduction to an exhibition of Matheriana from the library of William Gwinn Mather. The exhibition was repeated and the paper read again at the Mather dinner at "Gwinn" on December 27, 1925. The Board of Fellowes of the Rowfant Club, on the recommendation of the publishing committee, approved the paper for a club publication, but because of the desire of the owner of the Mather collection to have copies of the paper for presentation to members of his family and to a few friends, they relinquished publication privileges to him.

The paper has now been privately printed under the title, "The Mather Literature," in a narrow 12mo of 64 pages, in Caslon type, on handmade Holland paper, bound in marbled boards with levant back, and limited to 250 copies. This little volume is a model of good taste, restraint, and simplicity of conception, and the success of its technique, typographical and bibliopegic, has been generally acknowledged by those who have seen it.

The content of the paper has been divided into ten chapters: Protestantism, a result of the discovery of the Bible; Puritanism, the logical outcome of Protestantism; Puritan pioneers: Cartwright, Brown, Barrowe; Collections of Mather literature; Richard Mather defines the church polity of New England; Increase Mather's works were historical and scientific, as well as theological; Increase Mather terminates the witch persecutions of Salem; Cotton Mather, the most prolific American author, innovator of small pox innoculation; the value of inscriptions, and of setting limits to a collection; and Mr. Mather's plans for the future. This synopsis of chapter contents shows the comprehensive range of the paper.

Mr. Holmes has gathered into his little volume a most interesting study of the Mather literature, especially from the standpoint of the collector. The style is clear, condensed, and forcible, and the contents throughout strikingly interesting. Few fully realize that Cotton Mather was the most prolific of American authors, but the following paragraph seems to entitle him to that distinction:

"From his facile quill came a total of no less than four hundred and thirty-seven published works, exclusive of reprints, prefaces, and unprinted manuscripts. A hasty examination shows that among these are works on the following subjects: For the popular light reading of the day, funeral sermons take the lead with fifty-one examples. Sixteen works deal with various aspects of New England history. On medicine there are ten; five of which are on small pox. There are ten biographies, five issued singly and five in one work. Of these there were eight reprinted in the "Magnalia," his largest published work, which contains over sixty biographies as well as a large number of short memoirs. At least four works were devoted to psalms, hymns, singing. There were two elegies. No subject of possible interest in his day escaped his attention."

William Gwinn Mather's collection of Matheriana, comprising the works of Richard, Increase, Cotton and the rest of the writers born of the Mather family, is the result of more than forty years of collecting, he having made his beginning as early as the fourth Brinley sale, back in 1886. He has brought together 321 titles, second in size only to the collection owned by the American Antiquarian Society. There is no collection in private hands worthy of comparison with it. But more information in regard to Mr. Mather's collection and his future plans will be given in another article.

KEBLE'S "CHRISTIAN YEAR"

JOHN KEBLE'S "Christian Year" appeared just a century ago. In a recent letter to the London *Times*, the Bishop of Winchester wrote of the instantaneous success of this remarkable book, which went through ninety-five editions before the author's death in 1866. Since then it has been constantly reprinted, and, whatever may be its literary merits, it is now a "household word wherever the English language is spoken." The *Times* adds that "as a best seller during an author's lifetime it probably has no rival. Of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' which at once suggests itself in this connection, eleven editions appeared during the author's lifetime —certainly a record up to that date. In totally different lines of literature there are other books, such as Defoe's 'Robinson Crusoe' and Swift's 'Gulliver's Travels,' which ran into many editions during the lifetime of the respective authors, but 'The Christian Year,' with its ninety-five editions in thirty-nine years is probably a world's 'record.'"

ILLUMINATIONS AT SOTHEBY'S

ONE of the outstanding sales at Sotheby's in London in recent weeks consisted of the very fine series of medieval illuminations on vellum forming a part of the Holford Library. There were only forty-eight lots, but they brought a total of £10,181. The collection was acquired in 1838 from the well known London booksellers Payne & Foss, who in turn obtained it from William Young Ottley, a man of varied accomplishments, who was studying art and collecting for ten years beginning about 1791. Later he was Keeper of Prints in the British Museum. The most important lot was a leaf from a British Psalter, painted on both sides with twenty-five scenes from the Bible by an artist working probably at Bury St. Edmunds, in the last half of the twelfth century. This lot went to Quaritch at £1,750. Most of the best lots were purchased by Quaritch of London, and Gabriel Wells, of this city.

NOTE AND COMMENT

THE Cambridge University Press has in preparation a critical edition of Thomas Middleton's "A Game of Cheese," by R. C. Bald. This play, quite apart from its interest as a piece of political satire, offers exceptional material for the study of Elizabethan dramatic texts.

Payson & Clarke, Ltd., of London, have in preparation a new edition of George Borrow's "Celebrated Trials and Remarkable Cases of Criminal Jurisprudence from the Earliest Records to the Year 1825." The book was originally published in London without Borrow's name. The new edition will be in two volumes and is being re-edited and annotated by Edward Hale Bierstadt.

The first edition of Kipling's first book, "School Boy Lyrics," which recently brought £420 in London, was not a new high record after all. Mr. Swann, of the American Art Association, has called our attention to the fact that the Paul Hyde Bonner copy sold by the Association November 23, 1926, brought $3,350, more than $1,000 in advance of the recent English record.

The New Books

Poetry

(*Continued from preceding page*)

connection write and are among the best poets of Canada. Mr. Roberts can turn graceful verses, but it would seem that his best days are now past as a poet. "In the Night Watches" has atmosphere and sincere feeling, "The Summons" has lyric power. Yet we can find little else here that moves us much.

IDYLLS OF THE GHETTO. By S. A. DE WITT. New York: Rand Book Store. 1927. $1.50.

Mr. Joseph T. Shipley speaks for Mr. De Witt in the introduction of this book. The opening poems, transcripts from the poet's real early life, roused our interest. But the sonnets dulled it, and the miscellaneous poems and smaller fragments left it cold. "Hunky Meets a Man" at the end of the book is good *New Masses* verse, but not as good a poem as often appears in the *New Masses*. In general we feel that Mr. De Witt gets no particular spirit of his own into his poems. Most of them might have been written by anybody, and the autobiographical ones in the beginning are interesting for their material rather than for Mr. De Witt's treatment of it.

THE LONE ADVENTURE. By STANTON A. COBLENTZ. The Unicorn Press (5 East 57th St.) 1927. $2.

Mr. Coblentz's narrative poem is a parable of human effort not too originally planned. The young Prince rebels at ruling in his Father's kingdom and fares forth alone. He has a brief happiness with a shepherdess of the hills and then leaves her and presses on a difficult road up the mountains till he finds the pool on the peak. Thereafter he is known as a mad wanderer. Finally he returns to his father's kingdom upon hearing the news that his father is dying. On his father's death he takes up the sceptre and rules for years. But the pool on the peak is ever in his mind and finally, as an old man, he goes forth alone on a second quest for it, attains the summit, finds it sheathed in ice, and dies in the snow. The verse is really quite undistinguished in phrase or epithet, though there is metrical fluency.

Travel

TRAVELS IN SPAIN AND THE EAST. By SIR FRANCIS SACHEVERELL DARWIN. Macmillan. 1927.

This record of a journey through Spain, Portugal, and the Mediterranean is at once unpretentious and pleasing. Sir Francis, the son of Erasmus Darwin, was a physician of note, a man whose intense love of nature and richly stored mind made him a traveler alert to the significance and beauty of the countries he visited. He made his tour in 1808, a time when war made travel in the Spanish Peninsula a matter of much inconvenience and of some danger, and when conditions everywhere were such as to expose the journeyer to considerable hazards. As a matter of fact he alone of the five travelers who sailed from Falmouth returned to tell the tale of their experiences for his four companions succumbed to what the writer of an obituary on one of them termed "the fatigues and dangers of foreign climes."

A straightforward record, Sir Francis's journal is marked rather by clarity of style than by eloquence of description. Yet it has a pleasing fluency and though brief contains much pointed comment. Sir Francis had a quick eye for the distinctive, and a background of knowledge that is reflected in the sureness and discrimination with which he selects the incident of his narrative. His concise journal contains much more meat than many a longer book.

WHEN YOU GO TO LONDON. By *H. U. Morton.* Harper's. $2.50.

PRIMITIVE HEARTHS IN THE PYRENEES. By *Ruth Otis Santell* and *Ida Treat.* Appleton. $3.

54th Semi-Annual
SALE of BOOKS
50% off
Miscellaneous Stock
25% off
Sets, Rare Books, Autograph Letters
August 15 to 31 inclusive.
Partial list of 25% off stock mailed on application.
McDEVITT-WILSON
30 Church St. (Hudson Terminal)
New York. Phones Cort. 1779, 1777, 0498

COUNTER ATTRACTIONS

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS ITEMS :: PRINTERS & BINDERS :: WRITERS' SERVICES

Single insertion rate: 7 cents a word

AUTOGRAPHS

ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH LETTERS of celebrities of all nations bought and sold. Send for price list. Walter R. Benjamin, 578 Madison Ave., New York City. Publisher The Collector, $1. Established 1887.

BARGAIN OFFERS

FIRST EDITIONS; FINE PRESSES; OLD Rare and Curious Books; Illustrated Books, Choice Bindings; Fine Library Sets and a large stock of Good Second-hand Books on all subjects at reasonable prices. Visit our attractive shop or write for free catalogs. DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS, INC., 66 Fifth Avenue at 12th Street, New York. Open until 10 P. M.

ZELDA MARSH, $1.90; BACCHANTE, $1.00; MEANWHILE, $1.90; GOD & GROCERYMAN, $1.55; GOOD WOMAN, $1.90; OIL, $1.90; ELMER GANTRY, $1.85; STORY PHILOSOPHY, $3.85; WE, $1.90; 10% DISCOUNT all other books. LIEBERMAN, 246 Fifth Avenue. Room 250, free city delivery. Ashland 9600.

THOUSANDS OF BOOK BARGAINS listed in our catalogue No. 151 all new and in perfect condition, at 50% and less from regular prices. Free upon request.

SEIFFERS NATIONAL BOOKSELLERS
832 Westchester Ave. New York, N.Y.

GENERAL ITEMS

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS, current books of English and American fiction, poetry, drama, criticism, art, essays, can now be procured from Eugene Pell, 1208 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa.

O'MALLEY'S BOOK STORE, 329 Columbus Ave. (75th St.) Large stock of good books on many subjects. Prices reasonable. Expert service. Open evenings.

FAMILY, TOWN, COUNTY AND STATE Histories. Catalogs on request. CADMUS BOOKSHOP, 312 West 34th Street, New York.

"THE WORLD AT MIDNIGHT" contains each month our unusual catalog of odd and strange books, autographs, prints and literary curiosities. Open Book Shop, 58 West Washington, Chicago.

LANGUAGES

WORLD-ROMIC SYSTEM MASTERKEY to all languages. Primers, $1.95; Chinese, French, Spanish, Alphagrams, 50c. Dictionaries, $1.98. Languages, 3 West 40th, New York.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied at most reasonable prices. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Ave., N. Y. Caledonia 0047.

THE OUT-OF-PRINT department of BRUSSEL'S will locate the books you want. Brussel's 57 Fourth Avenue, New York.

RARE EDITIONS

GOODSPEED'S BOOK SHOP IS A NATIONAL INSTITUTION. Its stock of Rare and Choice Books, Prints and Autographs is made accessible to distant buyers by specialized catalogues. No. 164, Genealogy, 5033 titles, *price* 10c; No. 165, Fine Arts, 1679 titles, *free;* No. 168, Rare Americana, 309 pp., 2,463 titles, illus., *price* 50c; No. 169, Autographs, 4,472 titles, *free.*

When in Boston, browse in Goodspeed's. No. 7 and 9a Ashburton Place; No. 5a Park St.; No. 2 Milk St.

SPECIAL BARGAIN OFFER. 10 titles, KNUT HAMSUN, all new with jackets as issued, including MYSTERIES (just published) and GROWTH OF THE SOIL (the Nobel Prize book); also a study of Hamsun by H. A. Larsen. The ten titles, representing a value of $21.50, postpaid anywhere for $10.00. Bargain catalogues sent on request.

Also Catalogue of Moderately Priced First Editions, Private Press Items and other collector's books; mailed on application.

YOUNG'S, 1413 Montgomery Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

AMERICANA. Send for catalog No. 2 of books about the history of New York City and State. Arthur B. Carlton, 503 Fifth Avenue, New York.

ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS. Interesting catalogue of Books from 15th to 20th Century, mailed free on application. Howes, Bookseller, St. Leonards-on-Sea, England.

SPECIALISTS

THE NORTH NODE, an Occult Book Shop, 114 East 57th St. Books on Occultism, Mysticism, Metaphysics, Astrology, The Kabbalah, The Tarot, Hermatica, Alchemy, Symbolism, The Rosicrucians, Theosophy, Comparative Religions, Ancient Civilizations, Mythology, Folklore, and kindred subjects—old, rare and out-of-print, new and contemporary.

WRITERS' SERVICE

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY ADVISER. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticised and marketed. Special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 135 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York.

AUTHORS' AND ARTISTS' REPRESENTATIVE

Literary adviser and editor. Live fiction;—Short Stories, Novels, Plays, Motion Pictures, Manuscripts sold. GRACE AIRD, INC., 342 Madison Ave., New York. Vanderbilt 9344.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They Grinned When the Waiter Spoke to Me in French

—but their laughter changed to amazement at my reply

WE HAD dropped into Pierrot's for dinner—Pierrot's, that quaint French restaurant where the waiters speak nothing but French. Jack Lejeune, who boasted a smattering of French, volunteered to act as interpreter.

"Now tell me what you want to eat," announced Jack grandly, after we were seated, "and I'll 'parley' with the waiter."

With halting French phrases and much motioning of hands, Jack translated our orders to the waiter. Finally Jack turned to me.

"What's yours, Fred?" he asked.

"Virginia ham and scrambled eggs," I replied.

Jack's face fell. He knew that my order would be difficult to translate into French. However, he made a brave effort.

"Jambon et des——et des———" but Jack couldn't think how to say "scrambled eggs." He made motions as if he were scrambling eggs in a frying pan, but the waiter couldn't get what he was driving at.

"I'm afraid you'll have to order something else, Fred," he said finally. "I can't think of the word for 'scrambled eggs.'"

Everybody smiled—everybody except me. With great ceremony I beckoned to the waiter. "I'll explain my order to the waiter," I said. A chuckle ran around the table.

"Fred can't speak French, can he?" I heard a girl whisper to Jack.

"No—he never spoke a word of French in his life," came the answer. "But watch him. This will be funny. He'll probably give an imitation of a hen laying an egg."

A Tense Moment

The waiter addressed me. "Monsieur a fait son choix?" he asked.

There was a pause. All eyes were on me. I hesitated—prolonged the suspense as long as possible. Then in perfect French I said to the waiter: "Oui Donnez-moi, du jambon aux oeufs brouillés—jambon de Virginie."

The effect on my friends was tremendous. The laughter stopped. There were gasps of amazement. In order to heighten the effect, I continued for several minutes to converse in French with the waiter. I asked him all sorts of questions—what part of France he was from—how long he had been in America, and many other queries. When I finally let the waiter go, everybody started firing excited questions at me.

"Fred! Where did you learn to speak French like that?" "Why didn't you tell us you could talk French?" "Who was your teacher?"

"Well, folks," I replied, "it may sound strange, but the truth is I never had a teacher. And just a few months ago I could't speak a word of French."

"Quit your kidding!" laughed Jack. "You didn't develop that knowledge of French in a few months. I thought it took years to learn to talk like that."

"I have been studying French only a short while," I insisted. And then I told them the whole story.

How I Learned French Without a Teacher

"Did you ever hear of the House of Hugo?" I asked.

Jack nodded. "That's that famous Language Institute over in London, isn't it?"

"Yes," I replied. "They've been teaching languages for over a century. Thousands of Europeans have learned foreign languages in a surprisingly short time by their 'at-sight' method."

"But what's that got to do with your learning French?" asked Jack. "You haven't been over there taking lessons from the House of Hugo, have you?"

"No. I couldn't go to the House of Hugo, so the House of Hugo came to me," I replied quizzically.

My Friends Look Startled

"Here's what I mean," I said. "The authorities of the House of Hugo got together recently and decided to condense their knowledge of language instruction—their experience in teaching French—the secrets of their wonderful methods into a *course of printed lessons*—a course which anyone could study at home.

"This course turned out to be the most ingenious method of learning French ever devised. It was simply marvelous. It enabled people to learn French in their own homes, in an incredibly short time.

"I can scarcely believe it myself, but just a few months ago I didn't know a word of French. Now I can speak and understand French when it is spoken to me. And I didn't study much—just a few minutes a day. There were no laborious exercises to do—no tiresome rules—no dull class-room drills. It was actually fun learning. Everything was so clear, so simple, so easy. Honestly, the Hugo 'At-Sight' French Course is the most remarkable thing of its kind I have ever seen!"

Try It 5 Days FREE

This story is typical. You, too, can now learn French at home—quickly, easily, pleasantly—just as thousands of others are doing by the celebrated Hugo "At-Sight" Method. Twenty-four fascinating lessons, carefully planned. The most ingenious method of learning French ever discovered. Whole generations of language-teaching experience in all the leading European cities are behind this French course.

The wonderful thing about this simplified Hugo method is that it makes you *your own teacher*. At home—in minutes that might otherwise be wasted—you learn, phrase by phrase, sentence by sentence, to speak the language correctly and well. To be able to speak French is decidedly a cultural attainment, and is recognized as such. Use those spare minutes to master French this fascinating Hugo way!

No money is necessary now. We shall be glad to send you the complete course FREE FOR 5 DAYS so that you may see it and judge it for yourself. Within the free examination period you have the privilege of returning the course without cost or obligation, or keeping it as your own and sending only $2 as a first payment, and thereafter $2 a month until the full price of $12 has been paid.

You are the judge. Simply return the course within 5 days if you are not fascinated and delighted with it. If you act promptly, a valuable French-English Dictionary, containing 45,000 words, will be included without additional cost.

We urge you to clip and mail this coupon today. Doubleday, Page & Co., Dept. F-668, Garden City, New York.

Doubleday, Page & Co., Dept. F-668
American Representatives of Hugo's Language Institute of London,
Garden City, New York.

Please send me the Hugo "French-at-Sight" Course, in 24 lessons, for free examination, and include the French-English Dictionary. Within 5 days I will either return the course and dictionary or send you $2 at that time and $2 each month thereafter until $12 has been paid.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Occupation .....

5% discount for cash with order

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED